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151 to give them shade. Any one who remains in the village all day will retire inside the hut during the hottest hours, when the village will appear deserted. They say: 'The sun fights us.' But they very much enjoy sunshine when it is not too hot. Every morning soon after sunrise they bask in it for a while before taking up the business of the day, and they have a word, *wapōtan*, which means 'to sunbathe' (*wa*, verbal prefix, *pōtan* = sun).

IDEAS REGARDING NATURAL PHENOMENA

821 Rain is produced by the 'medicine' of the rain-maker (this is described on pp. 312 ff.). He has control also of wind, thunder, and lightning. There used to be men who knew the medicine to make the sunshine, but they have all died without passing on their knowledge, and now there is no one who can control fine weather. There is medicine to influence the tides, which a malicious person sometimes uses to make a very high tide which will wash away from the beach the canoes of a man against whom he has a grudge.

The crescent moon is *dʒiwau tsutsūnē* ('the little moon') and the full moon *dʒiwau tʃan* ('the big moon'). I did not learn of any names for the quarters. There is a widespread story explaining how the moon got into the sky, of which I have several versions. The one here given comes from Saposa, and is interesting as showing that the Melanesians, like ourselves, see a 'man in the moon'.[1]

Story of the Man in the Moon.

773 Morena (the creator of the people and the origin of their culture, further described on p. 38 f.) and a woman called Tchinaverat and a man
● 539 called Bekinatun (who figures also as the hero of other stories) worked in the taro garden at night. Tchinaverat and Bekinatun worked in the dark, but when Morena wanted to work she took the moon, which she kept hidden in the roots of a tree, and set it against a tree trunk to give her light to work by. At last Bekinatun and Tchinaverat hid and spied on her, to find out how she got her light. They saw her take out the moon and work by the light it gave her. They came up to Morena. When she saw that they had seen the moon she said: 'Now this thing must go up on top.' So she sent Bekinatun up with the moon. When you see something inside the moon that looks like an axe, that is Bekinatun, he lives in the moon. Morena said to him: 'You go and stop in

[1] Another, given in my paper in *Folk-Lore* (March 1932), also accounts for the stars.

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the moon, and light up all the land. If you like you can break the moon in half; half shall be the moon, half shall be the sun; presently half shall be hot and half shall be cold, half shall be light in the daytime and half shall be light in the night.' So Bekinatun did as she said, and now he lives in the moon. He does not like to live in the sun, it is too hot. So the sun is empty. Morena said: 'If you like you can put Tchinaverat in the sun.' Bekinatun said: 'Tchinaverat can't stay in the sun, it is too hot; she will die, she must stay in the moon.' So now Bekinatun and Tchinaverat are husband and wife, they stop in the moon. Bekinatun carries an axe, Tchinaverat sits down beside Bekinatun's basket of betel-nut. When the moon is only a half circle, Bekinatun is keeping the other half shut up; when it is full, Bekinatun has opened it again, because he likes the moon to be large.

At Kurtatchi the man is called Ts5dir, and his wife Tchinaveran. Two stars near the moon are her children, one in her arms and one on her back. When there is no moon they say that it is dead. One of the more sophisticated men once asked me: 'What makes the moon die?'

There are names for many of the stars, and for groups of stars, sometimes, but not always, corresponding to our constellations. The Pleiades, for example, are called Wermis, and represent a man and a heap of stones, associated with a story about a man of that name, who left his companions in order to get stones with which to crack canarium almonds, as he said, but really to eat pig all by himself. His companions set a watch on him and found out the way he was tricking them. In these latitudes the Pleiades are not visible during the time when the almonds are ripe, i.e. from May to about the end of August, and the people say that Wermis has gone to collect stones to crack the almonds, as told in the story. Another version has it that one star in the group represents a stone and the others are the birds that gather to eat the almonds.

Orion's belt is called Wadi'i'gu, and represents two men carrying a pig on a pole. The other stars in this constellation are the dogs. The morning star is called Suetoan, which seems to be a name only, but the star which comes up some little time before dawn is called Gengenien, which means 'chase away fish', because the man fishing at night knows that when the fish see this star they go away into the deep sea and that it is useless to stay out any longer. Another group of stars is called 'Isu ien pa Tchibo', and represents a crocodile which is trying to eat a string of fish belonging to Tchibo (a legendary being about whom further details are

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833 773 a man named in different versions Uskawu and Manatchire, who came from a long distance on a raft. One version of the story continues as follows:

833 773 ●539 The people of Tsiraun took him and made him sit down on the front verandah of their chief's house. They gave him betel-pepper, and skinned an areca-nut for him. Then they brought a woman, and made her lie down, and told her to open her legs, so that he could dip his areca-nut into her lime-pot. But Uskawu said to them: 'You give her to me presently, by and by I will chew betel at night.' He was ashamed because of the woman's genitals. Then Uskawu took some real lime, and chewed, and spat out, and the men of Tsiraun thought he was throwing up blood.

Night came, and Uskawu copulated with the woman. The men of Tsiraun cried out: 'Oh look, the man has broken our carved lime-pot.' Then the woman became pregnant, and the child grew large inside her. The woman felt it, and cried. The men of Tsiraun wanted to get a knife and cut her belly. But Uskawu held her fast, and said: 'Leave her alone, I will look after her.' The woman felt the child. Then Uskawu took a piece of wood, a short thick piece, and the woman sat down on it. Then he held the woman, and she gave birth to the child.

The child cried, and all the people said: 'What are we to do now?' Uskawu said: 'You leave us alone. The child is mine. By and by his mother will give him milk.' They asked him about the child's food. He went to get some food and prepared it for the woman to make her strong. She ate some and gave some to the child.

That is how men learned to copulate at the pudenda, before this they only did it at the armpit.

833 773 The story of the man who thought his wife's genitalia to be a sore, and had to be taught how to copulate, which is the origin-myth current in New Ireland (Powdermaker, p. 242), is known in North Bougainville, but is told of an individual.

833 Coitus usually takes place in one of two positions. In the hut, the woman lies on the plank bed on her back, with the man over her. The women say that men sometimes lie so heavily on them [845] that they cry out. If she is known to be pregnant, he tries to keep his weight off her; failure to do so is supposed to result in the birth [362] of twins (see p. 164). It is difficult for a couple to secure privacy for their embraces, because there are nearly always several other people occupying the hut, which is not provided with partitions. [839] They will wait till everybody else is asleep, but it is a favourite trick to pretend to be asleep and watch them. Or they will go to

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purely ritual acts, and in no respect to be connected with female homosexuality, for which I have no evidence. 838

CONNEXION WITH ANIMALS

Again arising out of the telling of stories, it appears that intercourse with animals, usually dogs, is known, on the part of both sexes. The talk which followed the story elicited the fact that it does actually occur, but I can form no idea of its frequency. When it formed the subject of a story it was regarded as a joke by the teller—in one case the tale was especially described as a good one—and was received with much laughter by the audience, but there were signs of shame and disgust when we discussed its actual occurrence. This happened in two villages; the reactions of the natives were the same in both. 839 538 [522]

CONNEXION WITH PLANTS

The legend of origin, according to which the people are said to have sprung from an old woman who was impregnated by means of a banana, has been given in Chapter II. Other instances in which pregnancy is supposed to occur in this manner are given in Chapter III. There are several stories in my collection in which plants, sometimes those possessing aromatic properties, figure in the same role. I give one of these, which is typical of its kind, in case students of sex psychology may see in it some significance.

A woman went to the taro garden, she saw a bush banana, the kind whose stalk is black. She liked it so much that she cut it, and took it to her house, and slept with it. (The phrase here used implies sexual intercourse; it is not clear from my manuscript whether the whole plant or only the fruit is intended.) Then she looked at it, and the skin had come off part of it. Then she thought her man was dead, and she cried over it, and took it up and got red paint and put on it, and got some beads and dressed it up (as is done to the dead). Then she took it and put it in the sea, but it would not sink. So she took it back, and buried it in the bush. Then she set fire to the house where the banana had died (as used to be done to the hut in which a person had died). Then she went and slept in another house. 839 539

Another day she went to the bush, and saw a young bush-banana plant coming up, and she said: 'Yes, I think you are the brother of the man I married before, aren't you?' Then she said: 'You stay there just now, by and by you will be big.' Then she went and said to her father: 'Come on, make me another house.' Her father said: 'Why should I

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839 hurry up and make a new house? Who is it you want to sleep with?' She said: 'What are you talking about? I haven't got a husband.' 'I ●539 think some man is having intercourse with you in the bush.' 'No, that is not so.' Then she went to look at the banana to see whether it had grown big yet, and she said: 'Why have you not grown big?' Then she went back to the village, and stayed there for awhile.

Another day she went to the bush again, and a little girl went behind her, and heard her talking to the bush banana. The little girl thought she was talking to a man. Then she saw it was only a banana. So she went back to the village, and told the father of the woman: 'Your daughter is having an affair with a banana, that's all.' Then her father broke up the house, and cut the thatch of the roof into pieces, and broke up the walls. He was angry with his daughter because she was in love with a banana.

839 I once saw a woman take the flower of a banana palm and hold it to her breast, pretending to give it suck. She said: 'This is my child.' She had been divorced, had not remarried, and was childless.

CLOTHING AND SHAME

291 Before the advent of the whites, men wore no clothing of any kind, not even a pubic leaf. Women wore a waist string of thin fibre, from which a bunch of leaves depended in front, scarcely covering their genitals, and providing but scanty concealment except from a direct frontal view. These conditions still obtain in the mountain districts of central Bougainville.

291 At the present time, the Government expects all the natives 1717 under control to wear a loin-cloth. This is further stressed by the missionaries, who require that even the smallest infants shall be thus attired if brought to religious services. Otherwise, little children of both sexes generally go naked, though it is becoming increasingly common to dress them in loin-cloths also. The garment, known by the pidgin-English term *laplap*, consists of a length of cloth passed once round the waist, with the ends folded over and tucked in. Great care is taken to adjust it correctly and to keep it in position. It usually falls to the knees, but may be longer or shorter. The older men and women often discard their loin-cloths when working hard or when they are ill. The women, however, are seldom seen entirely naked, but retain a bit of rag depending in front, or the old-time bunch of leaves. The younger people are never without their laplaps, even bathing in the sea thus clad. The garment is retained at night.

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ADOLESCENT BOYS

292 ON approaching any village on the north coast of Bougainville, a stranger will at once be struck by the curious head-gear worn by all the boys, except those who are still mere infants (Pl. 19). This head-gear is called in the Kurtatchi dialect *upi* (Ruri and Munlus dialect *buri*; Sēlō dialect *wasobu*; Hahon (mountain) dialect *wasampo*). Its appearance is more easily appreciated from photographs than from any verbal description. To the unaccustomed onlooker, watching it bob up and down as its wearer goes about his work or play, it seems almost incredible that this ungainly object should be worn except for a joke, yet it is probably the most serious and important thing in the whole culture of the area, being associated with an elaborate series of rules and taboos, which profoundly influence the daily life of the people.

824 294 The *upi* is made of the leaves of a small fan-palm (*Licuala*) which is common in the bush, and is called in the Kurtatchi dialect *win*. The manufacture is carried out in the *tobar* and is kept secret from the women. The dried and bleached leaves are stretched over a frame made of thin bamboo, the bottom of which is composed of two circles of stiffer cane, not found in the coastal districts but [283] obtained from the mountain people. The leaves are very neatly stitched together with native fibre-string of exceptional fineness. At the present time this is done with needles from the traders' stores, but in the olden days holes through which to thread the string were made with fine thorns or bits of shell rubbed down to a point on the rough surface of a lump of coral. The bottom of the hat is closely bound round with thicker string. The finished *upi*, though clumsy, is much lighter than it appears to be, but considerable practice is necessary before its wearer acquires sufficient skill to keep it in position as he goes about his various occupations.

ORIGIN OF THE *UPI*

292 773 539 The legend of origin, current over the whole area, runs as follows: A woman was walking in the bush when she saw an *urar* wearing an *upi*. The woman looked at the *upi* and liked it very much. She said to

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the *wrar*: 'Oh, I like you, you are my man, you are a fine fellow.' Then the *wrar* took his long breasts and gave them to the woman, and took hers, which were very small, for himself. Before that, the men had big breasts and the women small ones, afterwards, it was as it is now. The woman said: 'I don't want these big breasts, I want your *upi*. If you will give it to me I will not give it to any one.' The *wrar* said: 'I don't want to suckle a child. If you have a child you must put him to your own breasts and give him milk.' Then he gave her the *upi*. She hid it in the bush. But one day a man caught her with it, and took it away from her. He said: 'You must not tell any of the other women about this.' The woman said: 'It belongs to me and to all the women.' The man said: 'No, I will not have that, it belongs to me now.' Then the man killed the woman. He said: 'It will be a bad thing if she stays here and talks about this to all the other women. I shall take this thing and put it in the bush, it won't do for any more women to know about it.' So he took the *upi*, and ever since then it has belonged to the men, and no longer belongs to the women.

CEREMONIES CONNECTED WITH THE *UPI*

Three important ceremonies are connected with the wearing of the *upi*, each of which must be gone through by every boy, be he *tsunaun* or commoner. The first is called *wapi* (= *wa-upi*, to make *upi*), and celebrates the putting on of the hat. The second, held after a period of years, is the *watawutʃ*, which removes some of the restrictions placed upon the boys wearing the *upi*; of the three it is considered by far the most important. The third, held at some convenient time after the *watawutʃ*, is called *wasipsip* (*wa-* verbal prefix, *sipsip* = comb); at it the *upi* is finally removed. I was fortunate enough to have two opportunities of seeing the *wapi* ceremony, which I can therefore describe from personal observation, but of the other two I can give only an account compiled from notes of numerous discussions.

The first two ceremonies are held for the boys from a group of villages together, the third may be held for two or three, or even for a single individual, should he for some special reason wish to discard his *upi* at a given time. A boy must return to the group with which he went through the *wapi* ceremony when the time comes for the *watawutʃ*, even though his family may in the meantime have moved to a village belonging to another group. Thus there was a boy at Tabut, who did not share the ceremonies with the other boys of this village, but attended those of the Ruri group,

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few know how to make it; those who do not must pay a man to make one when they need it. It must be paid for with *imun* (ceremonial currency made of porpoise or flying fox teeth) and several pigs. The wood of either of two trees may be used, the names of which are *iwiy* and *torus*; both are hard-timbered trees. The string is called *inuts*, but is the ordinary twisted fibre string. To sound the bull-roarer is *wawiura*.

The bull-roarer may be sounded during the preparations for the *wapi* ceremony, as well as during the actual performance. During this time the men of one village will sometimes go in the night and sound the bull-roarer outside another village belonging to the group, whereupon the men of the second village must bring out a pig and give it to the bull-roarer party. Shortly afterwards they will go and sound their own bull-roarers outside the original village, and will receive a pig in return. This is all a part of the mystification of the women, who know that the time is near when their sons will be taken from them by the *urar*, and who believe—or are supposed to believe—that it is his voice which is heard near the village during the night, calling for the boys. If the men of any village were to sound the bull-roarer at any other time, all the other places would be very angry, and would 'make poison' against the men of the offending village. The bull-roarer is too terrible a thing to be played with, even though the men all know what it really is.

Like the *upi*, the bull-roarer is supposed to have belonged in the first place to a woman. The story of its origin runs as follows:

A woman once went to cut firewood in the bush. When she had finished cutting firewood the sun had already gone down. She picked up a piece of wood and knocked it on a log. It split in two. One piece flew up into the air and made a noise like this (here the teller imitated the noise made by the bull-roarer). The woman jumped up in a fright: 'What is that?' Then she thought: 'It is something very good. It belongs to me, I found it.' She threw away the other half of the broken

press the matter. A rather more sophisticated man from another village also refused, saying that the people would be angry with him if he did. However, shortly before I left, one of the younger men, who had been a plantation labourer, came to me secretly with one which he had made, saying I could have it if I did not tell any one he had made it. Eventually he brought me also two which had actually been in use, under the same conditions of secrecy, but with the permission of his father, to whom they belonged. Though I was glad to be able to bring home specimens of the bull-roarer, the incident shows only too plainly how the traditional sanctions are weakening.

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stick, and broke off a piece of the fibre of a bush banana and fastened it to the piece of wood that flew up into the air. Then she tried swinging it, and it cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o' (imitating the bull-roarer). The woman said: 'This belongs to me, I found it.' 534 773 539

Then she went to her village, and some women were sitting on the women's verandah. The woman put her load of firewood down at the back of her own hut, and called out to all the women: 'All of you come here, tell all the women to come together here.' Then all the women said: 'What do you want us to come for?' She said: 'You come, I want to show you something I found in the bush.' Then all the women came together. The men stayed at the *tagoan* (front, or men's verandah). Then the woman untied her load of firewood, and took out the piece of wood and showed it to all the women. They all looked at it, and said: 'Well, what of it? You get a piece of firewood and show it to us, what is it all about?' 'That thing, that 's all, by and by you will see, I will go and make it cry out.' Then she swung it, and the piece of wood cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o'. Then all the women said: 'True, true, you have found a good thing. It belongs to us, you found it.'

Then all the men came: 'What is that crying out here?' All the women said: 'Something belonging to us, this woman found it in the bush.' Then all the men went back to their own side of the huts and talked. 'Ah, we had better get this piece of wood, it can cry out.' So the men went and took it away from the women, and they killed all the women, all the grown women and all the girls, they killed them all, except some very tiny girls, hardly more than babies; they were allowed to live because they did not know about the bull-roarer properly. Then all the men tried the bull-roarer in front of the village, and the piece of wood cried out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o'. Then all the men said: 'Ah, true, this is a good thing we have got.' When the time for the *wapi* ceremony came, all the men cut down a tree and made bull-roarers with it, and tried them, and they cried out. Since then, the bull-roarer has always been used at the *wapi* ceremony.

Bull-roarers are kept most carefully out of sight of the women. In the olden days, if a woman accidentally caught sight of one, she was immediately put to death. Nowadays, since killing is forbidden by the Government, some one would 'make poison' against her, and thus bring about her death, for which, of course, no one would be found to blame. 534 688 754

The shape of the instrument is fairly uniform, resembling the accompanying sketch (Fig. 8). The size varies somewhat, some being considerably smaller than others. One of the two I brought home measured 25½ in. in length by 3¾ in. at its widest part, the 534

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day the women must leave the village at sunrise, and go to the bush or to the shore. They cannot stop in the village while the work is actually in progress, but they may come back at sunset, when the men have ceased working on the hats for the day, and may sleep in their own huts. The *amro* and the *kwigin* attend at the *tobar*; it is their province to make the hats, the duty of the Hahon people being merely to cut the patterns from the red leaves. These village men are allowed to go to their own huts to sleep, and they are not forbidden sexual intercourse with their wives during this period. The *upi* boys, who would normally be sleeping in the *tobar*, must avoid those in which the work is being done, and find themselves quarters elsewhere. The *tsunaun* of the village sit in the *tobar* while the work is in progress, but take no part in it. No word must be spoken in the *tobar* while the patterns are being cut out. All the time it is essential that the workers should be well fed, and word is sent to the other villages of the group to bring in pig-meat for the men who are making the hats. The *upi* boys collect large quantities of areca-nut and betel-pepper and coco-nuts for them. The work goes on for several days, until each boy in the group is provided with his special hat. When all are finished, the slit-gong is beaten to let every one know that the making of the hats is over.

A story in my collection, related to me independently of any discussion of the ceremony, is here given as it illustrates the state of tension that prevails in the village at this time:

The people were busy making the hats for the *watawutf*. Ten men were cutting the patterns for ten hats. A woman went to cut firewood; she came back, and threw her load of firewood on to the ground. All the men in the *tobar* jumped up angrily. They asked: 'Who is that there?' They said to one man: 'You go and see who it is making a noise with a bundle of firewood.' The man went and saw the woman, she had thrown down her load of firewood. The man saw her. He went back into the *tobar* and said: 'It is a woman, she is throwing down a load of firewood.' The men all got up, they were very angry, they broke the patterns they were cutting. A *tsunaun* said: 'Go and seize her.' Two men went out and seized her; they pushed her into the *tobar*. They asked her: 'Don't you know this thing is very sacred? You defecate into my hands.' (This was explained to me as meaning: 'You don't know much.') Then all the men had connexion with the woman in the *tobar*. When they had all had connexion with her once, they killed her, and cooked her in a pot in the *tobar* and ate her. Then they cut patterns for the hats a second time, they cut ten. When night came, they lit torches;

881 294 688 [539] they wanted the *tsunaun* to see the hats they had made. All the men who were *tsunaun* said: 'They are good. You go now and eat some pig. You are making very sacred things.'

The teller of this story volunteered the statement that nowadays, if a woman behaved as did the woman in the tale, they would not be able to kill her, because the Government had forbidden it. [754] They would all have intercourse with her, and then somebody would 'make poison' against her and she would die, but it would not be known who was responsible for her death.

PRELIMINARIES

881 [342] When all the preparations are complete, a hut is built in the bush, and the boys must sleep there for two nights. The *amro* accompany them. During this time the boys are not allowed to eat anything except one small piece of taro. The reason given for this abstinence is that if they were to eat too much they would be too heavy to be carried on the shoulders of the *amro* during the ceremony.

881 621 574 While the boys are in the bush, the people of the village where the *watawutf* is to be held set up platforms in the centre of the village and cover them with food. All the villages which are sending boys to the ceremony help in providing this food. Vast quantities are required, as people come from villages scattered over a wide area. At the one to be held at Kurtatchi they were expecting contingents from the whole of the north coast of Bougainville and all the islands of Buka. Failure to provide enough food for the assembled multitude would in the olden days have resulted in a fight ending in the breaking up of the village, and even now resentment would be shown by wanton damage to taro crops and coco-nut palms, if nothing worse.

881 417 824 Meanwhile, a palisade has been erected round the 'long house', so high that the women cannot see over it. Then the men go into the bush and fetch two tall trees. Young canarium almonds are frequently chosen for this purpose, owing to their tall slender trunks, though they are not felled under ordinary circumstances, as their nuts are highly prized as an article of diet. If there is a *wapi* ceremony going on anywhere in the neighbourhood, these trees must be pulled up by the roots instead of being felled, otherwise the *urar* who are about in the bush will be angry.

881 824 The selected trees are called *roror*. They are brought near, but

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long and involved, I give here only the substance of a few typical examples.

Origin of all the fruit

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According to a story current on the island of Pororan, the coco-nut was once a very tall tree whose top reached into the sky. Several birds tried to reach the top, but failed, and finally a flying fox succeeded in getting to the top and shaking down some coco-nuts. Then from the top of the tree he threw coco-nuts and bread-fruit and mangoes, and all the other fruits that grow on trees; he threw them about to all the villages, so that everybody had these things to eat; before this they had had none of them.

Origin of coco-nuts

The younger of two brothers met his death by an accident (its nature varies in different versions), and the elder brother planted his head. In course of time a coco-nut tree grew up out of his mouth. By and by it grew tall and bore coco-nuts, which were distributed to all the villages, in one version by a bird, in another by the people coming to fetch them on the invitation of the elder brother. From these there arose all the coco-nut palms that now exist.

Origin of bananas

Once upon a time there were no cultivated bananas, only the wild bush bananas which only the parrots will eat. But a man dug up one of these trees, and two of them carried it, one taking its roots and another its top, and they planted it in their garden. It grew, and bore fruit, and the fruit was very good, so the man picked the bananas and took them to the village and invited all the people to eat them. Then he suggested that they should all plant banana trees in their gardens, and so they did.

Origin of areca-nut

Two men were out fishing; they stole a canoe belonging to a *pinari* (bush spirit, see pp. 542–3). The *pinari* caught them and cut off their heads, and planted them. From the two heads there grew up an areca-palm. Before that people did not know anything about the areca-nut. The *pinari* made a big feast and invited all the people, and gave them all nuts and taught them how to chew them with lime. They all found it good, and they all took some back with them and planted areca-palms in their own villages.

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Discovery of betel-pepper

A man once went into the bush to hunt pig, and his dogs caught one. But in running with them he lost his basket containing his knife and the piece of rope he had brought to tie up the pig. He sat down at the foot of a tree up which a betel-pepper plant was growing, and bit its stem through with his teeth, thinking to use it as a rope. By chance he had some areca-nut and lime in his mouth at the time, and he was astonished to see that his spittle was red. At first he thought his mouth was bleeding, but by further experiment he found that the colour was due to the stem of the betel-pepper mixing with the areca-nut and lime in his mouth. He found also that it made the mixture taste much better, taking off the biting sharpness. But the stem was rather tough, so he looked up and saw the fruit of the betel-pepper. He tried that, and found that it had the same effect, but was much more pleasant to eat. So he went home and told all the people what he had discovered, and they all tried it and found it very good. Since then every one has chewed the fruit of the betel-pepper with their areca-nut and lime.[1]

[1] A precisely similar story is current among the Orokaiva, cf. Williams, 1928, p. 123.

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islands dug-out canoes are rarely to be seen, and finds the general absence of outriggers characteristic of the group. Ivens (1927, p. 149) says that all the canoes of Mala and Ulawa are plank-built; he nowhere mentions the dug-out type.

The people of my area told me very emphatically, on more than one occasion, that there was a time when canoes were unknown to them, and rafts were the only means of navigation. However distant this time may be, it seems certain that the outrigger canoe is not indigenous to this region, but was introduced from elsewhere. Haddon, in an exhaustive survey of the different types of outrigger canoe found in Indonesia, concludes (1920, p. 131) that 'the present focus of outrigger canoes is in the Moluccas, and it is legitimate to suppose that from Indonesia, if not actually from the Moluccas, migrations took place at various times, each with its special type of canoe or with some partial modification'. But Friederici (1912, p. 297) thinks that the Buka people inherited this craft from former Polynesian inhabitants of the islands who were conquered and became extinct.

The local legend of origin runs as follows:

Origin of the Dug-out Canoe

At first all the people made rafts (*panots*); they were the first kind of canoes we people had. They all wanted to go and fish; they took their nets, they went to catch fish a long way off. Then one man, a man belonging to the Hahon people, watched them; he sat down on top of a mountain a long way off. He looked at all the people on the beach going fishing with rafts. He boasted, and said: 'Ah, what sort of canoe is this? When we sit down, the water comes up on to our skins all the time. I know how to make another kind of canoe that will hide our skins.'

Then he ran and got a stone axe, and cut down a *tfiniv* tree, and began to make a canoe. The next day he watched till all the men had gone away to fish with their rafts; he went back to the bush and cut the canoe again, he finished it, he carried it to the village, he put it to dry in the sun. He cut sticks for the *kikilil*[1] (outrigger booms), he cut the *woga* (outrigger float) and the *ki* and the *tapala* (portions of the attachment of the outrigger float); in one day, he let them dry for one day. Then all the people got up again and went to fish with their rafts. Then the man went and fetched *lau* (binding); he let it dry a little, then he fastened it; that took him one day.

Then he got some *mōmō* (seaweed used to make white paint) and

[1] This story was obtained at Tabut; the terms are therefore in a slightly different dialect from those given on p. 367 from Kurtatchi.

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
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rubbed it over the canoe; when it had dried the canoe was all white. Then he took some red paint and black. He took *atfitf* (putty nut), he turned the canoe over and laid it upside down. He took the mid-rib of a coco-nut palm leaf and made a straight line, he put a layer of putty first and then paint.

Then he went to the bush and got some *win* leaves (the fan-palm), plenty; he made two bundles and put them inside a bamboo without any water, then he put them on the fire and cooked them, and put them in the sun so that they dried quickly. He took some roots of *riro* (*Morinda citrifolia*) and boiled them in a pot with some water; then he put the *win* leaves into the water, the red water made the leaves red. Then he took some cane and fastened the red leaves (*kewara*) on to two sticks and set one up in the canoe and another on the *woga*, he decorated the canoe in this way.

He watched all the men who were going fishing with rafts. He said: 'My canoe is finished.' All the men were just going off. He said: 'You go and catch fish quickly, then come and look at my canoe.' They all came ashore, a long line of rafts. They had plenty of fish. They sat down to clean the fish. The man sat in his canoe on the top of a mountain. Now the canoe was just like a bird, it could fly. The *kewara* rustled, and all the people looked: 'Oh, oh, something is falling down from the mountain.' They all ran away into the holes in the stones in the bush, they left their rafts and their fish. The man took all the fish and put it into his canoe, and told the canoe to go back on top. Then the canoe flew back to the top of the mountain.

(*This episode is repeated three times.*)

Then the men thought: 'Some men had better watch while the rest go fishing. Some fellow is taking all our fish away from us without paying us.' Then one of them hid and watched. The canoe came down again. They all ran away. The canoe chased them. The man who was watching looked out; the canoe was resting on the sea. It took all the fish. Then all the other people came up. 'Oh, it is a real man, it is not a ghost (*urar*), it is a real canoe.' The man was sitting inside it. Then they went up to it, and were not afraid of it, and said to him: 'What is it you use to take away all our fish?' 'It is a canoe, it belongs to me.' Then they all began to pull it about. 'Don't pull my canoe about, how am I to get home? My home is on the top of the mountain.' 'No matter, we will have it, to pay for the fish that you took from us. You can make another for yourself. You show us how you make it.' Then he showed them all. They said: 'Teach us what sort of tree you make the canoe out of.' He was sorry about his trees, he did not want to show them, but he showed them a *tʃiniv* tree. They were all glad when they saw it. Then he showed them how to cut it with a stone axe. 'You cut it first

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like this, then you cut the inside, then you get another stone and work it inside so that it is smooth.'

Then he went back to his home and fetched a spear and a bow and arrows. Then he went alone to the bush. He was sorry about his trees. He said: 'Oh, why should they all know about my trees?' He took an arrow and shot it into the tree; that is why the *tʃiniv* tree has many holes in it, so that people have to stop them with putty nut. The man wanted them all to have hard work to stop them with putty. The arrow stuck in the tree, presently it fell down; since then all the *tʃiniv* trees have holes in them, and now the people have to put putty into them.

Materials. Several different varieties of tree may be used. The one universally preferred, on account of the straightness and suitable size of its trunk, and the softness of its wood, making for ease in working, is that mentioned in the legend, called, in the Petats dialect, *uertsil*, and in that of Kurtatchi *tʃiniv*; in the latter case the same word is used for the finished canoe, which at Petats is called

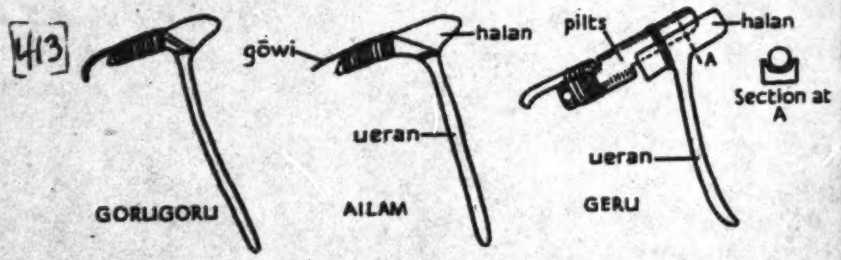

FIG. 16. Tools used in making a dug-out canoe.

dʒini. The tree is tall and slender, with rather smooth bark, which strips off in large slabs. There is a milky sap under the bark when it is first stripped, and the same milky fluid exudes from the stems of the leaves when they are broken off. The wood is white and so soft that one man can fell a *tʃiniv* tree by himself, unless it is a very large one.

Tools used. (The native terms are in the Petats dialect.) In the olden days, stone implements were used. Fire has never been employed to hollow out the log. Nowadays the work is done with metal tools obtained from traders, rehafted in the native fashion, probably much as the stone implements were hafted of old (Fig. 16). They use, besides the ordinary trade axe, which they call a tomahawk, a straight-bladed adze (*ailam*) and an adze with a curved

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Origin of fire.

372 773 539 Two distinct stories of the origin of fire are found in this area, each with several minor local differences. I give in full one told by Maravin, an old man of Kurtatchi.

Once people had no fire, they ate taro that was dried in the sun. When the sun rose they put the taro in the sunlight and the sun burned it, the taro dried. When the people came home from work they ate the taro that had been drying in the sun. When they went to work they said to a woman: 'You look after the place; if it rains you bring the taro inside the house.' The woman turned the taro. The people came home and ate it; then they slept, and slept, and slept. When dawn came they peeled some more taro and put it into a basket, and put the basket in the sun. Then they said to the old woman: 'You take care of the village and the taro.' Then they went to work.

[825] Now a little bird, *wowo'ia* (a small bird that we like to eat because it has a lot of fat), was on a tree in the taro garden. Its excrement was fire. It dropped some excrement, it fell on the leaves of the tree and they flared up. Now one of the women, who was weeding in the garden, saw the smoke, and called out to a little boy: 'You go and see what that is over there, something is light, it looks like something good, presently we will cook our food at it. The boy said: 'Mamma, you come and look, it is something very good.' He took a banana and put it on the fire, the fire cooked it. Then he said: 'Oh, this is something to cook our food with.' Then he ate some of the banana, and gave some to his mother. 'Oh, you eat this banana, it is good.' 'Yes, presently we will cook our food with this thing.'

Then they went to the village, and took the fire with them. It lit up the road as they went. They went to the village, and asked all the women: 'Where is your taro?' 'It is up in the rafters.' Then they went and cooked it in their house, they lit a fire. They said to the people: 'Here is something to cook our food with.' They all cried out: 'What is it?' 'It is fire, I cooked a banana with it, it tasted very good, it was not strong.' 'Come on, let's try with some taro in a pot.' The pot boiled. Then they took a basket and emptied out the taro; then they ate it. 'This thing makes our food very good. When the sun cooks it, the taro is strong, when the fire cooks it, it is very good.'

Then they gave fire to every place, and all the people asked them: 'Where did you get it?' 'I got it from a bird, it is the bird's excrement.' 'What bird?' '*Wowo'ia*.'

372 773 At Sapoea they say that Morena, who gave them all their knowledge, took the outer shell of a coco-nut and laid it in the palm of her hand; she stretched her hand out towards a bird; the bird

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XI

AESTHETIC ARTS

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Slit-gong (*tui* (P.), *garamuts* (K.)).

534 [202 171] THE slit-gong is the most important of the sound-producing instruments known to these people. It serves not only for dances, but also for conveying information. It is used over the whole of Buka and Bougainville. Those made in the southern parts of Bougainville differ from those made in the north in not having lugs on the ends.

534 773 539 *Origin.* There is a story explaining the origin of the slit-gong and of the rules for its use which runs thus:

There is a bird whose name is *gugurio*. He taught all the people of Sollos how to make the *garamuts*. There is a big tree that has a hole inside, it is called *toras*, the wind blows inside it, the leaves beat against the edge of the hole, it makes a noise just like a *garamuts*. Gugurio told the people to cut down the tree and make a *garamuts* of it. They made it in the bush, they lifted it up and wanted to carry it to the village. They came along carrying it. Gugurio sat on the top of the *garamuts* as the men carried it. He fell down off the *garamuts*, and it hurt his foot, it broke his leg. Now he walks about on one leg.

Gugurio went with all the people to the village. He said to them: 'You people lift up the *garamuts* and put it in front of a certain house. Don't put it in front of just any house, the *garamuts* is the sign of a *tsunaun*, you must put it in front of the house of a *tsunaun*.' All the people heard what he said. 'You people, the *garamuts* must not sound for nothing. When you have plenty of pig and plenty of taro, plenty of food in front of the big house, then you can beat it, it must not sound all the time for no reason.' So they do. When it is time for a dance, or for a big feast, then it sounds. When the people of another village hear it, they know that this village has plenty of food. Then they are cross, and say: 'When will our *garamuts* sound? We have no food, let us go and work in the taro garden.'

That is why the *garamuts* stands in front of the house of a *tsunaun*, it cannot stand at the house of a commoner.

600 *Manufacture.* Slit-gongs are made of hard wood. The name of

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Conch-shell (*tsuwig*).

The shell in general use is the triton shell. The sound hole is at the side (Pl. 65, 5). They are of various sizes, quite small ones being used by little boys. Women do not sound them. To sound the conch is *piu o tsuwig*.

The *tsuwig* is sounded on ceremonial occasions, especially those involving a journey of importance, such as that to bring home the long poles for the special *tobar* (boys' house) to be built for the *watawutʃ* ceremony, or on the way to one of these ceremonies. The performer jumps about and assumes a fierce expression, while blowing as loud a blast as he can upon the shell.

The musical bow (*koykoyo*).

The musical bow consists of a flat strip of cane strung like a bow (Pl. 65, 7). It is played by holding one end between the teeth, with the string towards the face, so that the mouth acts as a resonator, while the string is plucked with the fingers towards the other end of the bow. It is used by women only, and solely for amusement, never for ceremonial purposes or at dances.

The musical bow as here used is the simplest form of an instrument which is found, with various modifications, in various parts of the Pacific area, in India and Africa, and also in Central and South America. Its distribution has been traced and discussed by H. Balfour (1899), who considers that there is close relationship throughout the Malayo-Melanesio-Polynesian series, and brings forward evidence in favour of a common origin for the forms found in India and Africa without regarding the question as settled.

The jews' harp (*pokpoko*).

The jews' harp is made of bamboo, with a straight tongue. Its shape is best seen from the photograph (Pl. 65, 6). It is played, also for amusement only, by the men.

The story goes that the rights of the sexes in these two instruments were originally reversed.

Story of origin of pokpoko

There were two people of Toioh (an island off the north-west corner of Bougainville), a man and a woman, they were going to be married, but they were not married yet. The man lived in the men's house, the woman in her own hut. At that time the *koykoyo*, that is like a bow, belonged to the men, the women did not play it.

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534 713 539 The man played the *koŋkoŋo*. The woman said: 'What is this thing that cries just like a frog, *koŋo koŋo*? It is not making a nice noise, it sounds just like a frog in the bush.' Then the woman took a piece of cane and scraped it, and took a piece of string, and made a hole; she put the piece of string through the hole and pulled at it so (here the teller illustrated by pulling the string of the instrument with his thumb, holding it in his clenched hand). It sounded very well. The man, who stayed in the men's house, heard it, and said: 'Ah, who is it who has made a thing that sounds so nice?' A man said: 'Oh, a woman made it.' He came and looked, he wanted the woman to show it to him, but the woman hid the *pokpoko* in a heap of firewood, she did not want the man to see it. He said: 'Woman, where is this thing that sounds so nice?' The woman pretended: 'I do not know, I heard the sound, I thought it was you who were making it in the men's house.' The man said: 'No, I heard it in your house.' The woman said: 'No.' Now the man did not come close to the woman yet, he was ashamed before her, he went back to the men's house and lay down on the bed. (This incident is repeated.)

The man played the *koŋkoŋo* all the time. Then the woman said: 'Who wants a *koŋkoŋo* that makes a noise like a frog?' She brought out her *pokpoko* again and played it; sometimes it sounded like a person crying, sometimes it sounded almost like a bull-roarer when it is whirled. The man ran again, and came and hid on the other side. He said: 'I had better seize this woman when she makes that thing sound, it makes me feel so sorry I want to cry.' Then he came very softly, he ran and seized the woman. She jumped up, the two struggled. The woman said: 'Man, why do you hold me like this?' He said: 'Why did you make this thing? My heart trembles, it turns towards you.' Then he took away the woman's *pokpoko*. He said: 'It doesn't belong to you any more, it belongs to me now. My *koŋkoŋo* can belong to you now.' Then the woman cried bitterly. Then the two were married.

DANCE

535 There is only one form of dance (*kōma*), which is used for all occasions, both ceremonial and merely social. The men and boys walk slowly round in a sort of wheel-like formation, with the *mabu* players—one or two, as the case may be, if these are being used—forming the hub of the wheel. If the slit-gong is being used, the *mabu* is absent. In the former case, the men and boys are furnished with Pan-pipes, in the latter they may or may not accompany the slit-gong with these instruments. The women and girls dance backwards and forwards outside the wheel, coming close up to the men and then backing away again, in sets of two, three, or more—

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XIV

DEATH AND THE *URAR*

THE ORIGIN OF DEATH

THE following story concerning the origin of death is current, with minor variations, throughout this area, both in Buka and in North Bougainville.

A man died, leaving a man and a woman behind him. Before he died he said: 'You two wait three days for me.' Then he died. On the third day the man who was left said to his wife: 'You go and catch fish. I will wait for the man who died.' But the woman did not want to go and catch fish; she said: 'No, you go and catch fish, and I will wait for the man.' Her husband said: 'If you do, you must not be afraid of the man who is dead, you must give him some fire. Bring him into the house and give him fire.' So the man went out to fish. Then the man who was dead came up, and called out: 'Bring me fire!' He called again: 'Who is there? Bring me fire!' The woman saw the man, and saw that his eyes were aflame, not like the eyes of men. So she was frightened, and ran away. Then the man said: 'Oh, you have run away. Now, because you ran away, after this you and I will not be able to come back any more after we are dead, we shall go to another place altogether.'

The origin story reported from many parts of Melanesia,[1] of the old woman who changed her skin and became young again, but put on the old one because her grandchild did not recognize her, does not occur in my collection from Buka and North Bougainville. But I heard it in the Kunua mountain district of West-Central Bougainville.

NATIVE VIEWS AS TO CAUSES OF DEATH

As commonly throughout Melanesia, deaths are usually attributed to black magic; some one has 'made bad medicine' or 'poison'. Every individual goes in apprehension of meeting his end prematurely in this way, especially those who are *tsunaun*, the reason given being that they expect trouble to arise out of jealousy. But it is also recognized that people can, under certain circumstances, 'die nothing', to use an expressive pidgin-English term. The deaths

[1] Codrington, 1891, p. 260; Ivens, 1927, p. 15; &c.

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dents were also said to occur in the present, and are taken literally by all.[1] The following are given as typical. 775

A Child visits the Urar[2]

(There was) a little child, his mother died. The child was very small, he could just walk. The men went to bury his mother, the child stayed behind. Then he followed the men who were carrying his mother. He went, he went, he went, he went, he came to the place belonging to the *urar*. He stopped at the edge of the water, he sat down. He saw a stretch of sand, it was quite clear. He made a hole in the sand, big enough for himself. He went inside, he hid in the hole. He took some leaves, the leaves of the wild banana that grows in the bush, and covered up his head in the hole. But he did not cover up his eyes. 775 539

Then he looked, and saw a line of *urar* coming. First there were all the little *urar*. They washed in the water, they went back. Then came a line of *urar* who were a little bigger, they washed in the water, they went back. The child did not see his mother among them. Then came a line of young women, their breasts were firm. They washed, they went back. Then there came another line, each of them carried one child. They were finished, then came a line carrying two children. They came and washed, they went back. Then came the line to which belonged the mother of the little child. The child recognized his mother in the line. He wanted his mother to leave the line. They went back, his mother was behind them. Her eyes could not see very well yet. (The teller here explained that this was because she had not been dead long, her eyes had not finished changing into the eyes of an *urar*.) She came on, the child ran and took hold of his mother's hand. His mother asked him: 'What have you come for?' 'Oh, I am so sad about you, mamma.' 'No, you go back now, you go and die, then you will be the same as I am.' The child begged: 'It would be much better if I came with you.' The mother said: 'If you come with me now, what will you eat?' 'I will eat the same food as you eat.' 'No, you can't eat the same food as I eat, the food here is another kind of food.' The child begged and begged: 'I don't mind if the food is no good.' The mother said: 'All of us here eat faeces.'

They both went now, to the place belonging to the *urar*. The child went with his mother. His mother did not show him to all the *urar*, she hid him well. They went, they stayed in the house. Night came. A line of *urar* went off to wash, another line of little ones went to sleep. All their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-rack. The child asked: 'Mamma, what is that

[1] These beliefs may perhaps have some connexion with the occurrence of dreams such as those discussed in Chapter XVI, pp. 553 ff.

[2] This story appears in my paper in *Folk-lore*, March 1932. I am indebted to the Editor for permission to reprint it.

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noise?' His mother was angry. She said: 'Oh, you mustn't ask that, that is the way we do in this place, you can't do it.' Another line of *urar*, a little bigger, came, they lay down, their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-rack. Another line lay down, their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-rack. The child's mother wanted to go to sleep, the child lay down and put his head in her lap. The mother tried to send the child to sleep first. The child slept. The mother went to sleep, her skin came off, the child was lying against her bones. The child was cold in the night, he thought the light in his mother's eye was fire. He seized hold of his mother's eye. His mother said: 'What are you doing to my eye?' 'I thought it was a fire.' 'This place has no fire.' Then the mother said: 'To-morrow I shall take you home.'

Dawn broke. The mother hid the child. The people of the (real) village went to work, there was no one left in the village. The child's mother watched the people go, she hid. When they had all gone she brought the child to the village. The child ate some taro. He said: 'Why don't you eat some taro?' 'I am not the same as I was before, I am different now.' Then the mother went back. The child cried. 'Oh, let me come with you.' His mother said: 'No, you can't come with me You must die first, you go back now. You can't come now because you are still alive.' Then his mother went away. The child sat down in the house and cried: 'Oh! Oh! my mother has gone away.' His mother went back to the place of all the *urar*, the next day the child died.

A Woman is turned into an Urar

A woman was angry. She fought with her mother. She was angry with her mother because she wanted to get a husband; her mother did not get one for her. The woman took some beads and fastened them round her legs, and round her arms. She went to the beach. She went across a big piece of water. She got a stone, she called the stone her child. She went and found another stone, she threw away the stone she found first, and carried the other stone. She came to another piece of water. Some men came and found her. They asked her: 'Where are you going?' 'I am going for a walk.' She went on again and came to another line of men, they asked her: 'Where are you going?' She answered them the same way, 'I am going for a walk.' All the young men came behind, they came and found her, they deceived her: 'We are all real men, you come with us.' She smelt them all, they smelt just like dead men. They pulled her, they went to the place where the fire smokes, on top of the mountain belonging to the *urar*. They made her sit down among some plants, they brought spears, they wanted to shoot the woman. She heard them and ran away back to her own place.

All the *urar* looked for her everywhere, the woman had gone away.

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Then all the *urar* cried. Night came. The *urar* who had caught her in the day came and pulled her back. They made her lie down. They put a hood over her, she was cold. She got up. She thought that the eyes of the *urar* were fire. She wanted to get some fire, she took the eyes of the *urar*. One *urar* got up very angry: 'Who has taken my eyes?' The woman said: 'I did, I am cold.' The *urar* said to the woman: 'These men are not fire, it is no good for you to take them.'

Then they all prepared food, they put paint on the woman, two kinds of paint on her head, red and black, and cock's feathers. All the *urar* made a *kōma*, they played the pipes, they all looked at her, they were glad about the woman. Some of the *urar* asked: 'Where did you get this woman you have brought?' They all played the pipes, they made the woman *kōma* with them, they hid her again in the house, they went and fetched taro stalks.

Dawn broke; then they made her sit down among the taro stalks, then they pierced her eyes, they changed her eyes entirely. Then they brought her to Tosisiup, the chief of them all. He asked her: 'What are you doing?' The woman said: 'I hid, and three of your men liked me, and they brought me here.' He asked her: 'What are the names of these three men?' 'No, I don't know their names.' Then the three men came up. They said: 'We brought her, she was angry.' Tosisiup said: 'All right, you send her along with me.' Then he took her away and cut her buttocks, he put a tail on her buttocks, then she became an *urar*.

Discussion

Since the funerary rites are somewhat complicated, a synopsis of the most important parts of them is given below in tabular form emphasizing the differences between the ceremonies as performed for *tsunaun*, and those for commoners.

Tsunaun	*Commoners*
At death.	***At death.***
Wailing by the whole village. Fire lighted in house and lime burnt. Body kept in house on planks under the roof for 5 or 6 days. Wailing kept up all this time, with the help of people from other villages, for whom pigs, &c., are provided.	Wailing by relatives only. Fire lighted and lime burnt. Kept in house for a day or two only, not placed under the roof. Only friends and relatives from other villages attend, if they wish.
Special dance by women at night.	No dance.

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is this *urar*?' 'I don't know where he is.' 'All right, by and by we will all go and paddle.' Another day some of the other people saw the *urar*, they saw him turn into a shark and into a *kitat5*; then they knew that what the man had told them was true.

My attention was first drawn to these transformations of *urar* into animals in connexion with discussions on death, and it is quite clear that this power is ascribed to the ghosts of people who have died and become *urar*. But while listening to tales dealing with similar transformations in the course of an evening's story-telling, I noticed that some of these beings did not seem to be regarded with quite the same intensity of fear and dread that was associated with the ghosts of the dead, although the same word, *urar*, was used. Furthermore, in translating these stories into pidgin-English, the word *maselai* was used in some cases, whereas the pidgin-English term for the ghost of a dead person is *tamboran*. When I inquired into this distinction, my informants were very vague in their replies, insisting that both were *urar*. Then my servant, who was present at the discussion, told me that in the Petats dialect they used different words, *amat* for the spirit of a person who had died, which he gave as the equivalent to the pidgin-English *tamboran*, and *halelehan* for the other spirits who were called in pidgin-English *maselai*. It would seem, therefore, as if there really were two kinds of spirits, one kind consisting of the ghosts of dead persons, and the other of spirits who had never been men, though the distinction is somewhat blurred in the use of the same word for both kinds in the Kurtatchi dialect. Perhaps the natives are not very clear about it themselves, for whenever I asked them to explain what they meant by *urar* I was always told that it was a person who had died a long time ago. Since returning home, I have discovered that the same dual meaning is attached to the word *adaro* at San Cristoval and to the word *akalo* at Ulawa and Mala (Fox, 1924, p. 107), which corroborates the evidence given above.

Among the spirits which are called *urar* but should perhaps (though I am not certain as to this) not be considered as the ghosts of persons who have died, there are apparently included certain *urar* who, in the form of animals, are associated with individual men or women in a manner rather difficult to define, but constituting a bond which is clearly recognized. Such an individual claims that the *urar*-creature is 'my kinsman' (*boant*), that it will come at his call, and at his bidding will assist him, or his friends,

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following incident, which was told by a man who claimed to be related to the *urar* Mategin:

There is a place in the river where the water swirls round, just as if it were boiling, but it is not hot. There are a lot of fish in it. They are *urar* fish. There is one fish which is black, with red and white marks round its mouth, and hair like a man's, the fish is an *urar*. When he is an *urar* his name is Mategin, he walks about at night, then he looks just like a big tree. He goes to Soraken, to Torrikorri, and to Saposa (all these places are on the other side of the bay). The water belongs to him. A man named Tskoman, who used to work for white men in the time of the Germans (i.e. before the war, when this island was a German dependency, and its white population was largely German), lit some dynamite[1] and threw it into the middle of the water among the fish. The dynamite flared up. The fish did not die, not one single fish was killed. Tskoman went to look for the fish. All the *urar* were angry with him: 'Why do you try to kill us with dynamite?' Then he became *iburar* all the time. He did bad things, he thought about nothing but women. (Here follow details which indicate that the man was a sexual maniac.) His relatives could have cured him if they had taken some of the water from the pool belonging to the *urar* and poured it over his head and made a feast. But they were so angry with him because he shot dynamite in a river which is taboo, that they would not make the medicine, so he remained *iburar*, and got worse and worse till he died.

I give below another illustration of the transformation of *urar* as typical of this kind of story, of which there are a number in my collection. They are all told as actual happenings, distinct from those that are recognized to be merely tales.

There was a man who went fishing at dead of night in the open sea. Just before dawn he saw an *urar* come up, he walked above the water (his feet about a foot from the surface, distance shown by a gesture). He pursued the man in the canoe, the man paddled away. The *urar* turned into a shark, he came after the canoe. The canoe stopped. The shark climbed up on to the outrigger. The man cursed it. The shark turned into an *urar* again, and moved about above the water. Then he turned into a *kitat5* (a large round fish, possibly a groper). He reared up, he wanted to throw himself down on the top of the canoe so as to upset it. The man paddled hard, he got away and went farther out to sea. The *kitat5* turned again into a shark. Then dawn broke, the shark became an *urar* again and disappeared. The man went ashore at his own village. He told all the people. They all said: 'Oh rubbish, you are fooling, where

[1] Dynamite is used by planters to stun fish; the natives are forbidden to use it except under supervision, but they get hold of it when they can.

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or will desist from harming them. This association is reported with sharks, snakes, and crocodiles, there may be other creatures of which I have no record. Only a few individuals stand in this relationship. They may be either men or women; they are known by their fellow villagers to have influence over the creatures with which they are associated, and are sometimes asked to use this influence upon their *urar*-kinsmen in the public interest, being paid in ceremonial currency for their intervention. Conversely, they will interfere on behalf of their *urar*-kinsmen when occasion arises. A few examples will serve to illustrate this relationship.

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A crocodile was caught in a dam which was set up to catch fish. A man who was kin to the crocodile came and said that it was not to be killed, because it was his kinsman, but must be allowed to go back into the sea. so the fishermen broke their dam and let the water in and the crocodile escaped.

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Some snakes were eating a man who had got lost in the bush belonging to the snake *urar*. A man who was kin to the snakes went to look for the missing man, and when he saw what was happening he called out to the snakes: 'Why are you doing harm to this man? He is not a stranger, he is a friend of mine, you must loose him and go away.' So the snakes let go of the man and went away.[1]

There was a woman who was kin to the *urar* who lived in a certain part of the sea. She asked to be taken in a canoe to visit her kinsmen. The canoe-men did not understand, they thought she wanted to visit her human kinsmen. Ceremonial pudding and other food was prepared, and they set out with the woman, and went straight to this part of the sea. Then the woman said to the men: 'All right, you stop the canoe just here.' So they stopped the canoe. The men said: 'Where do you want to go?' She said: 'Just here,' and pointed straight down into the water. Then the woman took the food and threw it into the sea. All the men looked, the food disappeared, it was lost. Then the woman jumped into the sea. She went down altogether. She had no paint on her hair, and wore no ornaments. The men waited for her, she did not come up. They all cried, they thought she was lost altogether, they were sorry about her. They waited for her a long time, then she came back. She did not come up in the sea, she came up on the shore. She came up with a woman's pack on her back, it was full of pieces of pig she had been given in the place of the *urar*, and they had put paint on her hair

[1] A very similar but more detailed story which I obtained from another village is given in full in my paper in *Folk-lore* (1932, p. 86).

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and given her ornaments. The men took her again into the canoe and went back to the village. All the people of the village came and asked her: 'Where have you been?' She did not want to tell them, but they kept on asking her, they gave her no peace. At last she said: 'If you look behind you, you will see all my kinsmen coming up.' Then all the kinsmen of the woman came up on to the sand near the village. They were all sharks. (Here the teller explained that they were *urar* who had turned into sharks.) Then the woman said to the people of the village: 'All right, you people come to the shore, come and see my kinsmen.' Then they all went to look, then they understood. Then the woman sent all the sharks away again. She said to them: 'All right, you people go back now, I only wanted to show you to all the men who kept asking me about you, they never stopped asking me, but I did not want to talk about it, so I called you all to show you to the men.'

The man who told me this said afterwards: 'This woman was not an *urar*, she was a real person. I have seen the place where it happened; the man belonging to the place, who told me about it, said she was a relative of his, and he used to eat at her house.'

In most of the cases of this kind of association which came under my notice, it had been inherited from some relative belonging to the same clan, and its possessor did not know how it had originated. In one or two instances, however, the connexion between an individual and a shark was traced back to an ancestor who bore a child in the shape of a shark. Togen (a middle-aged man belonging to the village of Timputs, but living at Kurtatchi since his marriage to one of the daughters of the *tsunaun*), after telling me a story concerning a woman who bore a shark-child,[1] added that his own shark was called Muwatskawits, and lived at Timputs: 'My grandmother (*tubunē*, used for an actual grandparent or for any ancestor farther back) bore it a long time ago.' If a shark from another place wants to eat any of Togen's people at Timputs, Muwatskawits chases him away, and says: 'You must not eat my children. I don't want you to come here. If you don't go back I shall kill you.'

It seems a fair inference, from the use of the word *boanē* to describe this relationship, that the creature is considered to be a member of the same clan as that of the individual associated with it (see the discussion of this term on p. 33). I did not find any indications that certain animals were associated only with persons of any given clan, e.g. sharks with Naboin or crocodiles with Nakarib. It seems to be a purely personal association, but in trans-

[1] This story is given in my paper in *Folk-lore* (1932, p. 83).

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ferring the creature to some one else when at the point of death, the individual apparently chooses a relative belonging to the same clan as himself; this would be natural if the shark were thought to have been born to an ancestor, as in the case of Togen just quoted. They appear to be definitely associated with persons rather than with places, and so differ from the 'tutelary sharks' described by Ivens (1927, p. 230, &c.). Neither do they correspond exactly to the 'familiar' as described on Ulawa by Ivens (p. 239) and on San Cristoval by Fox (1924, p. 231), for they do not bear the name of the person who is associated with them neither do they die when the man dies. Ivens makes mention of 'incarnations' of the dead as sharks, swordfish, crocodiles, megapodes, &c. (p. 187), but he does not indicate whether any association with these is claimed by living individuals.

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ASSOCIATION OF *URAR* WITH STONES

As well as the association of *urar* with places, described in previous paragraphs, there is a much more intimate connexion between certain *urar* and particular stones or rocks, the locality and names of which are known to all. The *urar* is not supposed merely to inhabit the stone, or the stone to belong to the *urar*, but the two are completely identified, so that the *urar is* the stone. Associated with many such stones is the belief that at night they again become *urar*, or in some cases human beings, and walk about, or go fishing, or dance.

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Where the origin of the connexion between the *urar* and the stone is given, the *urar* is certainly thought to be the ghost of a person who has died; but as in many cases no explanation of the identification was forthcoming, I am not able to say whether this holds true of all. In illustration of this belief may be cited the following:

Two women died and became *urar*. Their name was Kakenmon. (The name seems to belong to the two of them together.) Two children went looking for hermit crabs in holes; the two *urar* stole the children, and took them away. The father of the two children lit a fire and made smoke to drive the *urar* away. Now they are stones, they are on the beach at Raua, two stones, two women, the name of the two stones is Kakenmon. At night they are *urar*, and play on the shore; when the sun rises they become stones again.

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A man died and was thrown into the sea. His body came to the surface and drifted, and was caught under some mangroves. Some men who

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were fishing saw him sitting on the top of the reef at the edge of the surf. They ran away and told his mother and his wife, who came to look at him. They recognized him, and were glad, but when he saw them he disappeared under a stone. They could not find him again. They brought paint and ornaments and put them on the stone. The man remained fast underneath the stone. Now he is stone, he is called Tchibo, he is at the Passage.

Tchibo was pointed out to me. It is a large rock in Buka Passage, just off the end of a small island of which it must once have formed part (Pl. 76). There are many stories about Tchibo; they are related all over Buka and the North Bougainville coast, with appropriate local variations. He is supposed to have stood originally on the east coast of Bougainville, near Numanuma. He wandered all along the north coast, looking for a place to stay, but the *urar* of each place drove him away. After repeated efforts, each detailed in full in the stories with endless repetition, he came to Buka Passage. There he overpowered Hinoal, the *urar* in possession, and remained there altogether. The Petats people say that Hinoal ran away northwards, and as he ran he threw up the reef which now fringes the west coast of Buka, to prevent Tchibo from following him. Tchibo, in pursuit, made the deep channels which break the reef at intervals, through which ships now pass. Finally, Tchibo gave up the chase and went back to the Passage, but Hinoal went on and went on till he came to a certain point on the west coast of Petats. Here a rock named Tabulat called to him to come and join him; so he did. They decided to join forces, and went together back to the Passage and attacked Tchibo. Tabulat cut off Tchibo's legs, and Tchibo fell down and died. Since then he has been a stone and has not wandered any more. Tabulat and Hinoal went back to Petats. They are two rocks on the shore, every Petats native knows how they came to be there. The Tiop people say it was Tchibo who made Tiop into an island; before he broke through it was joined by a narrow isthmus to the mainland of Bougainville. The people of Saposa say that their culture heroine, Morena, made all the little islands by breaking pieces off Tchibo after he had taken up his position in Buka Passage, and that she provided the people with good water to drink by sending Tchibo to break through the bush and make places for the rivers.

The Tchibo series is the most elaborate and most widely diffused stone-myth that I came across. But there is an almost unlimited

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supply of more or less local stories associating various stones or rocks[1] with *urar* and attributing to them certain powers and activities. I have notes on a number of these, of which the following are given as typical:

Mururi is the name of an *urar*; he is a rock on the beach at Timputs, which has a hole in its base. All the driftwood collects there, but no one takes it for firewood. Once a man did take some, and Mururi was very angry and prevented him from catching any fish. Some one who knew about Mururi told him what he had done.

There is a stone on the beach near Kurtatchi, which is an *urar* called Musinē. At night he becomes a man and goes fishing in the sea. He belongs to the Naboin clan; the Nakarib people cannot see him when he is a man. Once he had a mouth, but the sea dashed a big tree against his mouth and broke it.

Tawalir (the word means 'branch') is a horizontal stalagmitic formation, somewhat resembling the branch of a tree, at the lower edge of a big hole in the limestone cliff near Tabut. The story is that Tawalir used to be several miles farther east, but it quarrelled with another stone there, and said: ' You stop here, I will go and be master at the other point (the other horn of a bay).' So he went across the bay and climbed the cliff to the place where he is now. At night he comes to life and walks about. He is an *urar*.

Ku'enia is a rock on the east coast of Buka, near Malasang. It has a flat top. Fishermen put fish on it for the stone, and the stone eats them.

Matapar is another rock a little farther along the same coast. When men go fishing they take some sand and throw it on to the top of the stone, then plenty of little fish come close inshore.

Tonopoi is a rock which gives a man boils. Then he goes and rubs his boils against the stone, and says: 'Take back what you gave me.' Then the boils get well. This stone belongs to the Nakarib people.

Karakela is a rock which sticks up out of the water. If a very high tide comes and threatens to swamp the shore, the stone calls out and sends it back, saying the sea must not come up and spoil the places where it gets its food.

[1] The native word *wats* is used for both 'stone' and 'rock', so it is difficult to make a distinction. Those I have seen were in most cases large pieces which had at some time in the past broken away from the cliffs near by.

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from different parts of the area studied. Of these the one which follows appears to be the most wide-spread. 538 773

The Old Woman and her Two Sons.

There was a big man whose name was Monohan. The whole country was afraid of him, because he killed people all the time. So they all ran away. Only one old woman whose name was Toboan[4], was left behind. All the people got their canoes, they ran away from Monohan. All the canoes went away. The old woman looked at one of the canoes and said: "Come and fetch my basket and put it in the canoe." Then one man said: "Oh, by and bye you can go in a canoe that is behind. There are plenty coming yet." Another canoe came up. (The preceding conversation is repeated several times.) Now all the canoes had gone. The old woman said: "Never mind, I will stay here all alone. You have all run away and left me." So she stayed there all alone, she had no one to keep her company, they had all run away because they were afraid. They stayed in another place. 539 773

The old woman thought to herself: "There is no man here to be a husband to me, I would like to make myself a son." So she took a banana, the kind that is called *sorokun* and cooked it over the fire, then she took another and cooked it also. Then she took the bananas and copulated with them. She was with child. Presently the children of the bananas were born, two boys, both born at the same time. She called them Tchikenau and Bakiano.

While the children were still small she made bows and arrows for them, and said to them: "You try them." So the two pulled at them and broke them. Then she taught them how to fight, so that by and bye they could fight the big man. She said: "You are not big enough yet." She waited till they were bigger, she gave them more bows and arrows. The two pulled at them and broke them. Then

[4] *Toboan* means "a toothless old crone."

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539 their mother made them big bows and arrows. They shot
773 at a *hil* (a kind of wild areca palm which has a very hard trunk). They made a mark on it, now all the *hil* trees have this mark on them. She said: If you can break that, you can shoot the man everybody is afraid of." They shot again, they broke it. The old woman said: "All right, enough now, you are strong now, now you can kill this man that everybody was afraid of before, and ran away from."

Then the old woman climbed up to the top of a tree, she put medicine on the tree, she wanted it to be very strong. It was a *siwa* tree, the kind to make canoes out of. She told the two children to stand at the foot of two trees. Then she called out, from the top of the tree, "Monohan, come here. Come and eat the old woman's excrement." [5] She wanted to make him angry so that he would come and fight. Now a little bird heard what she said, it went and told Monohan: "Oh Monohan, this old woman says you are to come and eat her excrement." Monohan said: "You are making fun of me." The bird said: "No, that is what I heard her say." (This conversation was repeated several times.) Then Monohan was very angry. He took some earth and poured it out at the foot of a tree. The old woman called out again. The bird told Monohan what she had said. Then Monohan said: "Yes, I heard it." He was very angry. He took some earth and rubbed it on the bird's body. Then he went to fight. He came up. He kicked the trees. He started kicking trees a long way off. The old woman called out, and called out. Monohan kicked a tree, it fell down. The woman called out. Monohan kicked a tree, it fell down. (This is repeated several times.) All the trees were finished. Only the one where the old woman was remained. The two children hid. They wanted to shoot Monohan. The old woman teased Monohan, she called out: "Kick down all the trees." Then

[5] This is a well recognised form of insult, which is still used.

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Monohan saw the tree in which the old woman was. He tried to kick it down, but he could not, he fell down himself. The tree remained. He kicked it again, he fell down again, the tree remained. He kicked it again, he fell down again, the tree remained. The two children of the old woman stood up together, they both shot him at once. They shot and shot and shot. Then Monohan died.

Then the mother of the two boys came down, she cried and cried, she thought her two children were gone. "You two, where are you?" The two children stayed quiet, they did not say anything. Then the old woman cried: "I think the big man has taken my children, my children did not win." The old woman came down to the ground. Monohan was lying dead. Then the old woman said: "You killed my two fine children." Then the two children came out, and said: "Yes, we are strong, we killed him, he is quite dead." "Oh, you fine fellows! This is the man who killed all the people before. Now my children have served him out to-day." She said to Monohan: "There, serve you right."

Then they tied him up, and cut down a tree for a pole (to carry him on, as they do pigs, with the pole thrust between their tied legs). They put him on the pole, the tree broke. They cut another, and put it ready to carry him, it broke. They cut a lot of trees, they all broke. They did not know how to carry him. Then they heard some small thing talking to them, it said: "Ding, ding, ding, ding." The old woman heard it, she took a shell-knife and cut the little insect (*gorugot*) that was talking, she cut its neck. Then she thought: "Oh, I think it was telling us to take *dindin*." (A wild fern, whose stem is not very tough.) Then they tried *dindin* and it was strong enough. Then the old woman took some leaves, and made them hot over the fire, and put them on the wound she had made in the insect. It did not die. There are plenty here, they have a mark where the old woman cut.

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539 113 Then they lifted up Monohan and came home. They beat the slit-gong. Two young girls heard the slit-gong, they came up, they asked the old woman: "Who is that beating [534] the slit-gong? We know you have no men here." (Beating the slit-gong is the men's prerogative.) The old woman said: "You think I have got a man here, do you?" "Someone is beating the slit-gong at your place." "No, I think it is another place." She had hidden her children. So the two girls went away. The slit-gong sounded again. The two girls came back. "Old woman, you are hiding some man you have got here." The old woman said: "No, all the men ran away." Then the two girls pretended to go away, they hid close by. Then the slit-gong sounded again. The two girls ran back again, and said: "Old woman, we did really hear your slit-gong, you must have a man here." "No, I haven't. I am ill." She had tied a string round her [757] leg to fool them. (When the natives are in pain, they tie a piece of fibre string very tightly round the affected part.) "Can't you see that I am very ill?" One of the girls had a child with her, the child dropped a shell-knife. Now the [445] two brothers were hiding behind a *baran* (large wooden tray on which is pounded the taro for making ceremonial pudding). Their mother tried to catch the shell-knife, she threw over the *baran*. The girls saw the old woman's two children, they cried out: "Oh! the old woman was hiding two fine fellows!" Then one of the girls pulled one of the brothers to her, and the other girl pulled the other brother. So they were married.

Then the two brothers took the two girls and they went and cut up Monohan. Then they cooked him, and put him on the food-platform. Then they killed a lot of pigs, to make a big feast to eat with the man. Then they sent word to the people from every place to come, they had a big feast, a man and some pigs. The old woman sent word to all the men who had run away before: "I called out to you before, and you would not come back, now you must come

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back and help in my singsing." Now the old woman and her two sons made a long platform and piled it up with food, and all the people who had run away before came and feasted, and made a singsing.

Then the old woman decorated her two sons, and painted their faces well, and put ornaments on them, and made them sit down on the top of the food platform. Then all the people came and looked at her children, whom she had conceived of the bananas, and they made a great singsing at the old woman's place. It began in the afternoon, and went on till dawn broke the next day. Then the singsing ended, then they all ate. Then the old woman said: "Before, I ate all alone. Now you are eating the man you were all afraid of." Then they stayed awhile with the old woman, and made a big house for her. "You have found two fine children, they are very strong, now you have killed the man we were all afraid of before." They finished now, they looked at the house. They were ashamed because the old woman had made such a big feast for them. "That is a big feast you made."

The old woman's children went into the bush, Tchikenau and Bakiano. They both had wives now. They strolled in the bush. They found a tree which had red fruit (*wermina*). The two brothers climbed up it, and the two girls stayed down below. They found some dry coconuts for making lime pots, they put good marks on them, and laid them on the ground. The boys threw down the fruit, and one big one fell on the girls' lime pots and broke them. The two girls cried: "Our lime pots are broken, what are we to do?" The two brothers said: "Oh, we are ashamed, we can't come down now, we shall stay up here." Then they were no longer men, they were birds. The two girls said: "Oh, come down! You are our husbands, you must not leave us." But the brothers said: "No, we are birds now, we cannot come down."

When the old woman knew that her sons had changed

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539 773 into birds, she turned herself into a *kumina* (white ant) and was not a woman any more, and her children were birds.

The story is finished.

[115] This story is here given as told to me by Sonokum, a leading man of the village of Kohiso in the hill district of central Buka. It is the most detailed of several variants obtained by me, but it does not state, as do some of the others, that the people are descended from the two sons of the old woman. It is the only one which gives the transformation of the boys into birds. The [116] two divisions of the Buka people are called Manu (Eagle) and Kekeleo (Fowl), but no statement was made connecting these with the birds of the story.

539 171 439 773 The people of Nissan, an island between Buka and New Ireland, say that the story originally belonged to them, and that the identical tree in which the old woman hid is still to be seen on the island, and also the bones of Monohan. They add that as the bones lay on the ground a little snake ate some of them, and he turned into a pig, and was the origin of all the pigs on Nissan, from whence they were sent to all the other islands. Nissan is famous for its pigs, and the natives of Buka go over in canoes—little short of a hundred miles of open and stormy sea—to buy them.

539 773 171 In a version from Petats, the monster who ravaged the land is represented as a very large and fierce pig called Burtcheni. This is so also in a version from the neighbouring island of Pororan, given to me by Mr. Gordon Thomas. As told on Bougainville, the place of the pig is taken by a being described as an *urar* (a word usually meaning the spirit of a dead person) called Towaniwa in the version current at Kurtatchi (where it is spoken of as female), and Burau in that from Ruri, a neighbouring village speaking a different dialect. In both of these versions the two sons are called Mator (Matan), *i.e.* Right-handed, and Kiruk (Keruka), *i.e.* Left-handed. Unfortunately I omitted to ascertain the meaning of the names Tchikenau and Bakiano in the Kohiso version.

In the Kurtatchi version, after the monster is killed, the old woman takes out his bladder and sets it adrift in the sea, telling

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it to go to Tchiraun (Green Island). On its arrival there it is recognised as the bladder of Towaniwa, and the people put to sea to find out who killed her. In the Ruri version it is the blood of the ogre that is so used. This feature is noteworthy in view of the parallels cited below.

Variants of this story, often accompanied by a cycle of other narratives dealing with various exploits of the two brothers, appear to be wide-spread throughout the Melanesian area, from New Guinea to the New Hebrides. The following are known to me, doubtless there are others. (The numbers refer to the references given with the map.)

1. From the Southern Massim, Wamira, Goodenough Bay, New Guinea. Here there is only one son, who kills an enormous pig before whom all the people except his mother had fled. Some bristles from his body are put on a raft and sent out as a token that the pig is dead, on seeing which all the people return.

2. From the D'Entrecasteaux Islands. Here the brothers are named Tomweinagona (elder son) and Kwamanea (younger son). The monster is represented as a white osprey. The boys take out its heart and give it to the people to eat, telling them that it came from the bird that had devoured their fathers.

3. From the Trobriands (Tudava). Here again there is only one son, who kills the "dreadful ogre" Dokonikan, and subsequently takes his head hidden in a taro pudding, to his mother's brother who had deserted his mother through fear of the ogre. This version differs in several respects from the others, but the resemblances seem sufficient to justify its inclusion in the present list.

4. From the Gazelle Peninsula, New Britain. Here the old woman, left behind when the rest of the people flee before the ravages of a wild pig, gives herself a wound first in her right arm, and then in her left. From the blood of her right arm arose the right-handed brother, To Kabinana, from the blood of her left arm, the left-handed brother To Karvuvu. To Kabinana is represented as the wise brother who makes plans, which the foolish brother, To Karvuvu, frustrates by his stupidity. No such distinction is indicated in the variants obtained by me.

9. From Tanna, Southern New Hebrides. Here the monster

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539 773 171 is called Semsem, and is described as a " devil " who devoured all the people of Tanna except one old woman. Her twin sons, who afterwards destroyed Semsem, were conceived of a stone which she ate.

539 773 171 114 *Note.*—The references here given are confined to works which contain a recognisable variant of the " Two Brothers " story as told on the island of Buka. The wider issue of the " cult of the Brethren " throughout Oceania is dealt with in detail by Dr. Haddon in the forthcoming final volume of his Report on the Torres Straits Expedition. I am much indebted to Dr. Haddon for permitting me to become acquainted with his discussion of the subject in MS., and also for his kindness in reading the MS. of the present paper. In connection with the story as here given he makes the following comment (in a letter from which I quote with his permission): " The relation between the " two brothers " and the Oceanic Brethren (Qat-Tangaloa, etc.) is obscure, though doubtless there is some connection. It seems evident that some syncretism has taken place. We have to take into account the original Papuan stratum in Melanesia and various successive waves of culture from Indonesia, of which the betel users were probably one of the last spreads. I do not see how we can with our present knowledge differentiate between the tales and cults of these various layers."

Class II. Culture Origin Stories.

538 773 Under this heading I have included stories purporting to explain certain practices or customs of the people. Usually, though not always, the originators of these are nameless, differing in this respect from the culture heroes of Class I. Among my collection are stories illustrating the origin of fire, of canoe-making, of eating pig, of various musical instruments, and many others. The following will serve to illustrate this category.

How People Learnt to Eat Human Flesh.

539 773 Tchinaleke sent away her son-in-law and his wife, she said: " You go and work in the taro garden, I will look after

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the house. When you want to come back, beat on the root of a tree and I shall hear you and put on my *takop*." (The *takop* is the hood worn by the women in accordance with the rule of avoidance which forbids them to see or be seen by their sons-in-law.)

Then she took a knife and cut a piece of her flesh and cooked it. Then she chewed areca nut and spat the juice about. When her son-in-law and his wife came back she fooled them. They asked: "Who has been chewing areca nut here?" She said: "Some people who came to bring us a pig." She gave the two of them pieces of meat. The couple ate the flesh of their relative.

They went again to work, the two of them. They talked to their child, they made him lie down in the roof under a food-basket. Tchinaleke took off her *takop*, and the child saw her bones and her flesh. He was afraid, and he urinated. It dripped down and wetted Tchinaleke's bones. She thought it was water, that the others had hidden. Her flesh gave her pain. Then the child cried out, from his place in the rafters, he was afraid of Tchinaleke, she was like a skeleton.

The man and his wife came back, they asked the child: "Didn't you see them? Didn't you see the people who brought a pig to-day?" The child said to them: "There isn't any pig. Tchinaleke is fooling you both. She cuts her flesh and cooks it, and makes you think it is pig. You are eating the flesh of Tchinaleke." Then they said to Tchinaleke: "You have been fooling us about your flesh." Tchinaleke was very angry, she chased them away, they ran away. Tchinaleke wanted to beat them. They ran away, they climbed up a *tchiniv* (tall slender tree used for making dug-out canoes, the word is also used for "canoe"). Tchinaleke went to climb up behind them, she wanted to beat them. They teased her, they said: "You climb up a *kerao*." (A plant of the ficus tribe, which has runners dropping straight to the ground from the branches of trees.)

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539 775 Tchinaleke climbed up a *karao* close to the couple, and they took an axe and cut the *karao* right through, and she fell down, and her bones were broken. The man and his wife went up into the sky. Tchinaleke lies at Lonahan, she is a stone now, she is there always.

[766] Now all the people eat man, if they go to fight and kill some people, they eat them. But they do not eat their kinsmen.

[765] This story was told to me by Pinari, the old chief of Kurtatchi. I have an almost identical version from Sakwon, an old man of Pororan, besides several fragmentary versions. There is also another, quite different, story purporting to account for the eating of human flesh. The incident of people going up into the sky occurs in several stories.

There is a rock at Lonahan, on the east coast of Buka, called [823] Tchinaleke, which the natives say is her body turned to stone. It has a rough resemblance to a limbless figure lying with its head turned sideways. It is a natural formation, but there is a [324] stone pillar of human workmanship at the foot of a *tchiniv* tree at the top of the cliff just above. Pinari said this was Tchinaleke, but the local natives took me to the rock previously mentioned as the authentic Tchinaleke.

G. Camden Wheeler gives a version of this story (*Mono-Alu Folk-Lore*, No. 45) but no connection is indicated with the practice of eating human flesh, neither is the woman turned into stone.

Class III. Natural History Stories.

538 821 In this category I have placed stories accounting for natural phenomena, the moon and stars, the contours of the land, the presence of certain curiously shaped rocks, of caves, reefs, whirlpools, etc. Perhaps the following is one of the most interesting.

How the Moon got into the Sky.

539 821 The people went to the taro gardens. One woman was lazy, she stayed in the village doing nothing. Her husband

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was angry about the work. He came back to the village, he asked her: "What is the matter with you, woman? Are you sick, that you are so lazy about going to the taro garden? The taro stalks have all gone bad, there is no woman to plant them." 539 821

Night came, the man slept. The woman went at night, she took the moon and put it on the root of a tree. The moon shone. The woman worked, she planted the taro stalks. She finished planting them all. She weeded the taro. She went back. She took the moon and covered it up with leaves, and hid it in the bush. She pretended to go to sleep.

Dawn came again. The man said to her: "You and I will go to the taro garden." She idled again, she pretended to be sick. The man went alone. He went to look for the taro stalks. He saw the taro stalks that the woman had planted. He went back, he asked his wife: "Who has planted our taro stalks?" The woman said: "Oh, I don't know, I am sick."

Then she went again, and the man went quietly behind her. The woman took the moon again and put it on the root of a tree. The man came up quietly and saw it, he saw the woman working by the light of the moon. He came up and held her fast: "You and I are glad about the moon, our thing, belonging to us two, our good thing, don't tell anybody." Then the woman was angry, she took a knife and cut the moon in pieces. She threw it away, it went up on top into the sky. "You go, moon, by and bye you be cold at night up there. These pieces are stars, this piece is the sun by day, by and bye it will be hot and will make the bush dry."

[115]

This version was given to me by Pinari's son, Wasei, who said he learnt it from his father. I have also a version, from Petats, written down in the Petats dialect by Jilohin, from his father, Gerau, and another, slightly different, from Kohiso, hill village of Buka. None of the other versions mentions the stars or the

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539 sun, and there is no other story connected with the sun in my 821 collection. Mr. A. M. Hocart tells me, in conversation, that 171 stories connected with the sun are rare in his experience of Melanesia. Thurnwald[8] offers the following explanation: "Man beschäftigt sich, wie diese Sagen zeigen, sehr viel mit dem Mond, den man fürchtet, der sich immer *verändert*, aber verhältnismässig nur sehr wenig mit der durch ihr Licht *sichernd* wirkenden Sonne."

Class. IV. Real-Life Stories.

538 The tales in this class are sometimes about certain individuals, but more often about men, women and children who remain nameless. They consist of incidents of every-day life, hunting, fishing and domestic scenes, such as might happen to any native at any time. Perhaps we might compare them to that class of reading matter among ourselves known as "magazine stories". They are full of details the understanding of which requires a somewhat intimate knowledge of native customs and conditions, but with the appropriate explanations they have much light to throw upon the reactions of the natives to certain situations, their relations with each other, and many other aspects of their lives. Some of these tales are obviously [522] intended to be comic, a favourite subject being the trickster who is himself tricked. The following brief tale will serve as well as any other to illustrate this class which is a very large one.

Revenge for a Poor Feast.

Told by Koawu, old man of Kurtatchi.

539 The people went fishing, they took nets, they took nets to catch *bari* (a small reef fish.) They went fishing on the reef, and one man caught one *bari*. Then they sent a message to another village to come and eat, and all the people came, they came to eat, they all looked about in

[8] R. Thurnwald, *Forschungen auf den Salomo-Inseln und dem Bismarck Archipel*, vol. i., p. 336.

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vain for more *bari*, they were angry with the people, they said: "There is no fish here, we have looked in vain for fish, there is no fish." They all went back to their own village. 539

They prepared a return feast, they killed one 'possum. They sent a message to the other village, they should all come and eat the return feast. They all went, they ate, they looked in vain for *kokoin* (pudding made of pounded taro and coconut oil) and 'possums, they were angry, they said: "Where is the food?" They (the other people) said: "We are returning the feast you gave. You did not give us plenty to eat, we are returning it. We have made a feast with one 'possum, that's all, it's quite enough for you." [262]

Class V. Animal Stories.

These comprise a type of story common to the folk-tales of all peoples, in which animals, birds and fishes are represented as talking and behaving like human beings, as happens in so many of our own fairy stories. They differ from fables in that they are not supposed to point a moral. Many of them explain the origin of the peculiarities of certain beasts, are, in fact, "Just-so Stories". 538

The Iguana and the Bush-fowl.

Two friends, a bush-fowl (Kolong) and an iguana (Bas) thought they would like to make a feast, when the almonds were ripe. They went to the bush. Bas said: "Kolong, let us get some almonds." Kolong said: "All right, let's go now." So they found an almond tree, and Bas said: "You go up first." So Kolong went up the tree. He came back and said: "I can't go up, I am not heavy enough." So Bas went up and threw down almonds, till Kolong said there were enough. Then they went home, and got their stone pestle and wooden tray (on which the nuts are pounded). Kolong said to Bas: "You peel some taro while I pound the almonds." So they did, and made *kokoin* 539

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539 (pudding made of pounded taro seasoned with almonds or coconuts). Bas said: "Go and get the cooking pot and put it on the fire." Then Bas fetched water, and they both cooked the food. Then they said: "We are hot now with all this cooking, let's go and bathe." (The Pororan version has it that they decided to go and look for green snails to eat with the *kokoin*.)

So they went to the shore. As they went along the road they played with each other. They said: "There will be something so good ready for us to eat when we get back." So they came to the shore, and went in to bathe. Then Kolong began to swim, and called out to Bas: "Look at me, I am going to swim." "All right, I'm looking." So he swam under water, but he came up close to the place he started from, he did not know how to swim under water. So Bas said: "You were not under water at all. I saw your feathers all the time. Now you look at me." So Bas went under, and swam and swam and swam, and went past a little point so that he was hidden from Kolong, then he went up softly among the mangroves, and went into the bush. (Iguanas can swim well.) Kolong waited and waited and waited, but Bas did not come.

Now Bas went to the house and took the pot off the fire and ate up all the *kokoin*. Then he put the pot back on the fire and covered it up with leaves again and made the fire good. Then he went back to the sea and swam back to the place where Kolong was. Kolong said: "Oh, what a long time you've been, my friend, you *are* a good swimmer. I'm hungry. Let's go back and eat our *kokoin*." So they went back, and went in, and Bas took off the leaves that covered the pot, and looked inside it and called out: "Oh! Oh! It's empty! Who has eaten all our food? All our work for nothing! Let's go and look for this fellow and eat him up!" So they went to bed hungry.

Next day they got up and went to look for almonds to make some more *kokoin*, and when they went out, Kolong

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saw the footprints Bas had made the day before, going 539
towards the house. He thought to himself: "Aha, now I know who it was that ate our *kokoin*. I thought Bas was a long time away, now here are his footprints."

They went back to the bush, Bas went up the almond tree and threw down the nuts. Presently he called out: "Is that enough?" "Yes, that's enough, come down." So Bas came down from the tree, and they both picked up all the almonds and went home and made some more *kokoin*. Then they said they would go and bathe, as they did before. Then Kolong said: "You go on first, I will make up the fire." So Bas went on, and Kolong took a piece of rope and made a noose and hung it in the doorway. Then he went down to the shore. Then Bas said: "Go on, you swim first." So Kolong went under, but he soon came up again. "Oh, I have come up, I can't swim far." Bas said: "No, you can't swim, you look at me. Look at that little cloud over there, you keep your eyes on that cloud, by and bye you will see me come up there." So Bas went off, and went back to the house, and Kolong waited and waited and waited.

Now Bas came to the house, and tried to go inside, but his head caught in the noose, the rope tightened round his neck and held him fast. He wriggled and wriggled and wriggled, but he could not work himself loose. So Kolong came up: "Ah! a prisoner! I think he is finished this time." He called out to Bas: "Hullo, friend! Where are you going?" Bas heard him, he lay quiet. Kolong came up now, and Bas cried out: "Oh! friend, let me out!" "Oh, it's you, is it? You were the one who ate up all our *kokoin*! No, I can't let you free." Then Kolong ate up all the *kokoin* and threw the leaves at Bas (*i.e.* the leaves that had been used to cover up the *kokoin* while it was cooking.). "Oh, friend, aren't you just a little bit sorry for me?" "No, you weren't sorry for me before, I am not sorry for you now." Then Kolong took the hot water and threw it

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539 over Bas, and scalded his skin, so that it came up in blisters. That is why the iguana has a rough skin like a crocodile. Bas wriggled and wriggled, and at last he broke the rope and ran away into the bush.

Ever since then, every time an iguana finds the bush fowl's eggs he eats them, and if he finds little chickens he eats them too, but he can't catch the fowls themselves because they fly up into the trees and get away from him.

[115] 539 171 The version was given to me in Pidgin English by Jiapin, a young man of Petats. I have another, rather less detailed, from Sakwan of Pororan, and others from Kurtatchi.

A similar incident is given by Seligman in his story of "The Lizard and the Bird" (*Melanesians of British New Guinea*, p. 411) from the Southern Massim, Wamira, Goodenough Bay. In this case the story ends by the bird eating the lizard, and nothing is said about the lizard's skin.

Class VI. Animal Association Stories.

538 825 With reference to the human behaviour of the animals in stories of the preceding class, it seems pretty clear that the natives look on it in much the same light as we regard, let us say, the behaviour of "The Three Bears". But there is a variety of animal stories behind which lies much more than this. In addition to their clan totems, these natives recognise a personal association with certain creatures, by means of which some, but by no means all, persons exercise a measure of control over the creature thus connected with them, and may command it to do their bidding, or call upon it to refrain from injuring them or their friends. The conception is similar, I think, to that described by Ivens [7] as existing in the S.E. Solomons between a man and his "familiar". To go into this subject in detail would take us beyond the bounds of folk-lore, but the stories which

[7] W. G. Ivens, *Melanesians of the South-East Solomon Islands*, (London, 1927), pp. 238 ff.

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follow will serve to illustrate the relationship referred to, as it is conceived by the natives of North Bougainville. 538 825

The Shark-child.

A man had connection with his wife. She was a young woman. She became pregnant. He thought she was carrying a child. Her time drew near. The child was born. She did not bear a real child, she bore a shark. It was born. The woman's mother thought she had borne a human child. She wanted to see it. She saw it, it was a shark. "What is that you have borne? It is a shark, belonging to the salt-water." They went and fetched some sea water, they poured it into a *kobu* (receptacle made of the fibrous sheath of the areca palm, much used by the natives for carrying and other purposes). They took the woman's shark-child, they put him inside. He stood up in the water. He stayed in the water, he grew big in the water. All the people did not know about him, only the woman's kinsfolk knew. Now he grew big. They made a feast for him. The woman's kinsfolk showed him to all the people. Some of the women said: "Let us go and look at the woman's child." They all said: "He isn't a real child, the woman has borne a shark." They all went and made him stand up at the bottom of a river. He stayed there, he did not leave the river. He made himself a house on the sand. When they made a feast, they took a piece of pig, they went and called out for the shark, and gave him the piece of pig. They cut the shark's skin. They made him stand up again. 539 825 [415 482]

The teller here explained that they cut a pattern on the shark's skin just like the pattern cut on his own chest. (These natives cut elaborate patterns on various parts of their bodies, rubbing lime into them so that the scars remain permanently.) He said that his own shark was called Muwatskawits, it lived at Timputs, his *tubune* bore it a long time ago. The term *tubune* is used for an ancestor, of [304]

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539 either sex, further back than, and including, a grandparent.
825 Then he told the following story.

Muwatskawits and his kinsman.

[252 227] All the men went to catch *inang* (very small fish, which are boiled to make a kind of soup) with *auna* (nets having a specially fine mesh). They caught *inang*. Muwatskawits came close up to their legs all the time. My grandfather (*tubune*) Tchiabuin was angry with him. "Don't come up all the time round our legs. You must not bite the legs of all these men." Muwatskawits came up underneath Tchiabuin between his legs, and picked him up. He did not eat him, he played with him, he carried him without hurting him. He went inside his hole. He went, he talked, and said: "You look at my bed, I want to show you my place." He called out to all his children: "You fellows come up, so that my kinsman can see all my children." He showed him everything, then he brought him back to the shore just opposite the place where our people are buried. He (*i.e.* Tchiabuin) went ashore. He said: "Muwatskawits caught me in the water, he showed me his house, and his bed, and all his children." They all made a feast for him, they caught a pig, they washed my grandfather's skin, all [484] the women got salt-water and poured it over his legs. (This is the custom when anyone returns safely from a long journey.) The shark came up, he went and lay on the sand. My grandfather ran with a piece of the pig and gave it to him.

Now if a shark from another place wants to eat us, Muwatskawits chases him and kills him, so that he dies. "You must not eat my children. I don't want you to come here. If you don't go back I shall kill you."

[115] These stories were told me by Togen, a middle-aged man living at Kurtatchi but originally from Timputs, a village some twenty-five miles further along the coast in an easterly direction.

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In view of the anthropological importance of this connection between men and animals, I will add another illustration, this time dealing with a snake. 539 825

The Snakes and their Victim.

The men went to dam the river (in order to fish). One man asked them: "Where are you going?" The men said: "We are going to dam the river. What about you, are you going to stay here? "No, I will go with you. You wait for me, I will go and get my net." They all went. One man went and hung up all his taro on the branch of a tree. They all made a dam across the river. The river dried up. They all took their nets and caught all the fish. They finished catching fish. They said they would go back to the village. The man thought he would go and get his taro. He looked for it, it was all gone. He thought the other men had eaten it. He called the men in vain, they had not eaten it. A spirit had eaten it, the spirit belonging to this river.[8] The name of the river is Tikiwir, ([illegible] near Timputs). He asked all the men, they said: "No, we did not eat your taro. You be careful to ask all the men." He asked all the men. All the men said together: "No, we did not eat it." All the men went to the village. The man took all his fish, he gave it to his brother, he said to him: "Brother, give all my fish to my wife, go fast to the village." They all went to the village. This man did not go. He did not stay for nothing, the spirit held him fast.

He talked to his brother: "You go first, I will get some areca nut for us both." Then he went, he climbed up an areca palm belonging to the spirit. He climbed, he wanted to get some areca nut. The spirit went up behind him, up

[8] I have this story in Pidgin English only, so I cannot give the native word here translated "spirit". The Pidgin English word used is "*masalai*" which usually means a super-natural being other than a spirit of a dead person, the Pidgin English word for which is generally *tamboran*. But sometimes the two seem to be used interchangeably. [198]

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539 825 the areca palm. The spirit was in the form of a snake. One man said to him: "Here, look, come down." The man looked, he started to come down, he saw the snake coming up behind him. The snake had two heads. The man was frightened. "How am I to come down? I think this thing will kill me." He thought it was just one snake that was coming up behind him, he did not know there were a lot of snakes at the root of the tree. He said: "I think I shall jump. Where is there a good place for me to jump down?', He looked about to find a clear place. The spirit-snake had long hair, just like a boy with an *upi*.[9] The man jumped down in the midst of all the snakes. All the snakes went inside the man. The man died.

All the men waited a long time for the man to come to the village, his wife, his father, his mother, his brother. They said: "He went to get areca nut, where has he stuck?" They all made torches (of dry coconut palm leaves) because it was quite dark. They left off sleeping, they went to look for him in the bush. They looked and looked, no man. They came back, they slept. Dawn came. They went back to look for him by daylight. They did not stop to eat. They found him, all the snakes were still inside him. His skin was full of them. Then they all ran away.

They went and talked to a man who was kin to this spirit. They got some *imun* (ceremonial currency consisting of flying-fox or porpoise teeth strung on native string). They gave it to this man who was kin to the spirit. They all went. The snake-man talked to all the snakes: "Why are you doing harm to your brother here?" He deceived the spirit-snakes, the man was not really their brother, he was another kind of man. "You fellows clear out." Then all the snakes went away from the man. The man's father asked the man who was kin to the spirit: "Will he be all

[851]

[9] The boys wearing the *upi*, or hat showing that they have not completed their puberty ceremonies, are not allowed to cut their hair, which grows very long, and is worn pushed up inside the hat.

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right presently?" Now all the snakes went away, the man was all right again. His father was very happy: "My child is all right again now." His father and his kinsmen caught a pig and gave it to the man who was kin to the snake-spirit. 539 825

This story was told by Tchiniv, an elderly woman of Ruri, the next village to Kurtatchi, about four miles to the east, but having a different dialect. [115]

Class VII. Transformation Stories.

In yet a third kind of story involving animals, a human being changes himself into some creature, and sometimes back again, usually out of pique, or in revenge for a supposed injury. I cannot call to mind any in which the transformation is effected by somebody else, as occurs in the Arabian Nights stories. Some of the tales in this class may possibly be origin stories representing the first appearance of the creature involved, but as the teller did not say so I have classified them separately. They do not appear to have any totemic significance. 538

Woman into Fish.

Two women were fighting. One woman was fighting with her sister. One of the women said: "What are you beating me for?" The other woman said: "All right! You just wait till my husband comes." Her husband came now. He asked: "What are you doing to my wife?" The woman's sister said: "Oh! I am cross with her, she won't be kind to me, she is cross with me all the time." The man's wife said: "All right. By and bye you people will be looking for me, do you think I shall stay here?" Now the woman went to the shore, she went to get some clams. Her sister said: "What are you going to eat with the clams you are catching?" "Never mind, I shall eat them without anything, I have no taro to eat with them." She went into the sea, 539

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● 534 she went to wash in the passage (a cleft in the reef where the sea rolls in). She said: "Do you people think I am going to stay here so that you can see me all day here?" The man said: "My wife, what are you going to do?" The woman said: "Presently I shall do whatever I want to do." The woman went to wash in the passage, her leg came off and floated away. The man said: "What are you doing? You come ashore, and let us go home." "No, I don't want to go home, I want to stay here. All the time you people are cross with me. Do you think I shall come home by and bye? I won't come home. You people beat me all the time!" Now she stayed in the sea. Her joints came loose. Her sister said: "Come, let us two go home." The woman said: "No, I can't go, I am a fish now." The woman cried out: "Oh! Oh! Look! Look what is coming." Her head went down. Her husband swam, he went into the sea, he could not find her. He went and got some areca nuts, he sent them to all the villages.[10] The people of another village came. They made a feast. They all jumped up. They all went to the sea. Then one man swam, he looked for her, he looked and looked. "Oh! I have nearly got her now." Then another man swam, he caught hold of the woman's tail, she was a fish now. He pulled at the tail, it was caught in a stone. Then another man swam, he wanted to take hold of it, he tried to pull it out, but he could not. He could not get her. He hid on the shore, he said to all the people: "You go and look at the woman." They went and looked at her, they all pulled her out and took her to the village. Her husband told all the little boys to go and get coconuts and give them to all the men who had helped him. The fish was dead. The fish was a *tangini* (a fish commonly found on the reef, used as food.)

This story was told by Takel, a small boy, at Kurtatchi. There are several similar ones, differing in detail.

[203] [10] A branch of areca palm with nuts on it is often sent round with an invitation to a feast or a ceremony.

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The same motif is given by Thurnwald from Buin (p. 389) where the woman becomes a dugong.

Class VIII. Stories about the Spirits of the Dead.

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The term used in all the stories included in this class is *mate* in the Petats dialect and *urar* in the Kurtatchi dialect. These words have the very definite meaning of the spirits of dead persons, which, according to the native belief, can return, can interfere in the affairs of living people, generally for evil, and can, if they so desire, make themselves visible to men, either in the guise of human beings or as spirits, recognisable as such by certain peculiarities of person, *e.g.* "their eyes are light." The belief in these spirits is very real and profound, and the fear of them is a predominating influence in every native's life. Stories involving them were told and listened to with much more than the usual seriousness, and were clearly not looked upon as mere flights of the imagination. The full discussion of this question belongs to a chapter on social anthropology rather than to a presentation of folk-tales, and I must content myself in the present paper with giving one example in illustration of this category. I have used the native term *urar* in order to steer clear of the ambiguity involved in the word "spirit."

The orphan looks for his mother.

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(There was) a little child, his mother died. The child was very small, he could just walk. The men went to bury his mother, the child stayed behind. Then he followed the men who were carrying his mother. He went, he went, he went, he went, he came to the place belonging to the *urar*. He stopped at the edge of the water, he sat down. He saw a long stretch of sand, it was quite clear. He made a hole in the sand, big enough for himself. He went inside, he hid in the hole. He took some leaves, the leaves of the wild banana that grows in the bush, and covered up his head in

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539 the hole. But he did not cover up his eyes. Then he looked, and saw a line of *urar* coming, first there were all the little *urar*. They washed in the water, they went back. Then came a line of *urar* who were a little bigger, they washed in the water, they went back. The child did not see his mother among them. Then came a line of young women, their breasts were firm. They washed, they went back. Then there came another line, each of them carried one child. They were finished, then came a line carrying two children. They came and washed, they went back. Then came the line to which belonged the mother of the little child. The child recognised his mother in the line. He wanted his mother to leave the line. They went back, his mother was behind them. Her eyes could not see very well yet. (The teller here explained that this was because she had not been dead long, her eyes had not finished changing into the eyes of an *urar* yet.) She came on, the child ran and took hold of his mother's hand. His mother asked him: "What have you come for?" "Oh, I am so sad about you, mama." "No, you go back now, you go and die, then you will be the same as I am." The child begged: "It would be much better if I came with you." The mother said: "If you come with me now, what will you eat?" "I will eat the same food as you eat." "No, you can't eat the same food that I eat, the food here is another kind of food." The child begged and begged: "I don't mind if the food is no good." "All of us eat dung."

They both went now, to the place belonging to the *urar*. The child went with his mother. His mother did not show him to all the *urar*, she hid him well. They went, they stayed in the house. Night came. A line of *urar* went off to wash, another line of little ones went to sleep. All their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-r-r-ack. The child asked: "Mama, what is that noise?" His mother was angry, she said: "Oh, you mustn't ask that, that is the way we do in this place, you can't do it." Another line of *urar*, a little bigger

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came, they lay down, their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-ack. 539
Another line lay down, their bones went cr-r-r-r-r-ack. The child's mother wanted to go to sleep, the child lay down and put his head in her lap. The mother tried to send the child to sleep first. The child slept. The mother went to sleep, her skin came off, the child was lying against her bones. The child was cold in the night, he thought the light in his mother's eyes was fire. He seized hold of his mother's eye. His mother said: "What are you doing to my eye?" "I thought it was a fire." "This place has no fire." Then the mother said: "To-morrow I shall take you back home."

Dawn broke. The mother hid the child. The people of the village went to work, there was no one left in the village. The child's mother watched the people go, she hid. When they had all gone she brought the child to the village. The child ate some taro, he said: "Why don't you eat some taro?" "I am not the same as I was before, I am different now." Then the mother went back. The child cried: "Oh, let me come with you." His mother said: "No, you can't come with me. You must die first, you go back now. You can't come now because you are still alive." Then his mother went away. The child sat down in the house and cried: "Oh! Oh! my mother has gone away." His mother went back to the place of all the *urar*, the next day the child died.

This story was told by Sankuro, of Kurtatchi, a boy in his later teens, still wearing the *upi*. He said he had heard the old man telling it. The details about *urar* given in the tale correspond with those obtained from other informants when discussing the question of death without reference to the tales. [115]

Class IX. Stories about Pinari and Tukis.

The beings with which the stories in this class are concerned occupy a place in the native scheme of things totally 538 776

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Stories are recorded of the first three of these which are similar, in some cases almost identical, with some of those in which Pinari and Tukis are the protagonists. I did not come across anything comparable to the " Rere ni Mesi " described by Ivens[15] (Fox's " Masai "[16]).

There is a very large number of these tales in my collection, some of them very long and involved. Certain stock incidents tend to be repeated, in slightly differing contexts. From considerations of space, I have chosen a short, but quite typical one, to represent this category in the present paper.

Tukis outwitted by a child.

A child was cross, and he cried, and he went to sleep on the front verandah. All the people had come back from paddling their canoes, they were asleep inside the house. Tukis came and took the boy, took him verandah[17] and all. He went into the bush by night. The boy woke up and hung on to a creeper that was hanging from an *atchitch* tree (the tree on which grow the nuts whose kernels when ground make the " putty " used to seal up holes in canoes, etc.) Tukis went on, carrying the verandah without any boy on it. The boy climbed up the *atchitch*. Tukis went back, he wanted to find the boy and eat him. The boy took a putty-nut and threw it at him. Tukis said : " Darkness, darkness come."[18] The boy said : " Dawn, dawn, come

[15] Ivens, *Melanesians of the S.E. Solomons*, pp. 409 ff.

[16] Fox, p. 148.

[17] The word translated " verandah " (*pok*) is the narrow platform of split areca palm trunks or bamboos which is placed in front of a native house, and much used for sitting and lying upon. Women are not allowed to use it, they have their own " verandah " at the back (*babots*). In the story as given by Fox (*op. cit.* p. 142) it is a coconut sleeping mat on which the boy is carried off, but sleeping mats are not used in North Bougainville.

[18] These two formulæ occur in a great many of the Tukis stories. The result is always the same.

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539 quickly." The boy shot at him with putty nuts. Dawn came. Tukis ran away.

There are many versions of this story, both in my own collection and in those from other areas referred to in the preceding paragraph. Like most of the stories in this class, it seemed to be known to everyone in the village.

Class X. Miscellaneous.

538 This is a convenient heading under which to group certain tales which do not fall naturally into any of the previous categories. The one which follows is of interest because of the chanted song, a feature which is rare in my collection.

The Painted Lady.

539 The people paddled their canoes, they went to get packets of paint. They came back. They put the packets of paint up in the rafters.[19]

Two brothers went to catch fish, and came back, and saw something that looked like a woman cooking taro in the house, and they said: "Who is cooking taro? It is our grandmother, isn't it?" "You go and ask her. I think it was she who put the taro down" (in the embers to roast). But their grandmother said: "I have not put any taro down yet." Then they went back again to catch fish, and came back again, and again they saw something that looked like a woman, cooking taro, and they said again: "Who is that cooking taro? It *is* our grandmother who is cooking taro, isn't it?" "You go and ask her. She *has* put the taro down." But their grandmother said again: "No, I have not put any taro down yet." Then the big brother asked the little one: "Who has been chewing areca nut?" Then he sent the little brother, the little brother went and hid in the house, and the big brother went to catch fish, and came back.

[19] This is the usual storing-place for possessions of value.

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The woman went to the taro garden, and the little brother went behind the woman to the taro garden. He did not come up to the woman, he hid. The woman took her pack on her back, and went back to the house, and the boy went behind her. They went back, and the woman prepared a pot. Then the boy came up to her, and said: "Oh! You are my wife." Then the big brother came up, and the two brothers went off together, and the big brother said: "By and bye I shall marry that woman." "No, I don't like that, she belongs to me, I saw her first."

Then the three of them went and got a fishing net, and went fishing. The woman was crying, and the little brother asked her: "What is the matter?" She said: "Nothing, I am crying about my skin, I am afraid it will come off in the water, it is not strong yet. You two must catch a pig and give me some to eat, I am only paint, I am not strong yet."

Then the woman sang:

Eia ro tsinag, eia ro tamag,
Tchenoto eia luma-a tche koreme,
Toa, toa.

This song is in a dialect different from that spoken at Kurtatchi, in which the rest of the tale was told. It resembles the dialect spoken on the coast of Buka. It was translated as follows: "Oh mother! Oh father! Presently the woman will stink in the house. Presently I shall disappear." It was sung very slowly, in a minor key, and repeated several times with obvious satisfaction.

The story was told by Nanep, one of the younger men. I have found no parallel to it, up to the present.

The foregoing categories indicate the scope of my collection of folk-tales, with the omission of those few which involve the White Man, such as the coming of the first schooner or the natives' first experience of tobacco. I hope at some subsequent opportunity to publish more of these